

AND IT CAME TO PASS

*The Story of
The House of Sunshine*

LEO BENNETT



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Pastoral scene in Sunshine Park with the mythical Ganymede.



Scene in The House of Sunshine Court.

AND IT CAME TO PASS

The Story of The House of Sunshine

BY LEO BENNETT

UNIQUENESS in conception, beauty, and function is the outstanding characteristic of The House of Sunshine, of *Sunshine Magazine*, and of its related publications. Now, for the first time, the story of these amazingly successful ventures is told in book form.

Conceived originally by Henry F. Henrichs as a means of expressing goodwill and of disseminating cheer among his business associates, *Sunshine Magazine* soon outgrew its original function as people far and near began clamoring for their names to be placed on the subscription list. Originating in January, 1924, *Sunshine* struggled for survival for awhile, until eventually its originator decided to give it up. Then came a revolutionary idea which, almost overnight, turned failure into success.

Then, in 1940, Henrichs' dream of erecting "an American Taj Mahal" brought the incomparable House of Sunshine into existence in Litchfield, Illinois—a beautiful and fitting home for *Sunshine Magazine* and its related publications.

In this book you will thrill to a room-by-room description of The House of Sunshine, and you will learn of the origin and growth of *Sunshine Magazine* to its present position of eminence among inspirational publications. You will meet the man whose dreams and ideals are responsible for the varied Sunshine enterprises, and you will be deeply inspired by his rich story and by his faith and optimism which continue to envision still a grander House of Sunshine and an improved *Sunshine Magazine*.

This dramatic book about an unusual enterprise is generously illustrated with photographs and line drawings by staff artists at The House of Sunshine.

This is a book to prize for yourself and to give to your friends.

AND IT CAME TO PASS

The Story of

The House of Sunshine

COLOPHON

THE TEXT for this book was set in 10 and 12 point Caslon Old Face; the headings in Garamond. It was printed in seven signatures of 32 pages each. The first signature was done by the offset process; the other signatures are by letterpress. The end-leaves are pencil drawings by Juanita Ellis Markos. The text pages were printed on Warren's 1854 off-white, non-glare paper.

7

AND IT CAME TO PASS

*The Story of
The House of Sunshine*



BY LEO BENNETT



Sketch by
Helen Satterlee

To
HENRY F. HENRICHS

Friend to All Mankind,
who lived this story
before it could be written.



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FIRST EDITION

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Prologue

WHEN, in the late afternoon of October 1, 1957, I entered the editorial suite of The House of Sunshine for my first interview with Henry F. Henrichs, its founder, almost the first words he spoke were these: "I really feel that I don't have much of a story to tell." This, from a man who has won fame and fortune as the editor of *Sunshine Magazine*, and as the builder of the incomparable House of Sunshine!

In the course of a ten-day visit, I came to realize that Henrichs' statement was indicative of the inherent modesty and humility of the man. "We are all simple, unpretentious people," he insists. Always tending to minimize his own accomplishments, he gives full credit for whatever success has come his way to members of his family and to his loyal staff, all of whom have collaborated enthusiastically in the attainment of his purposes. He said to me: "I almost abhor the idea that any one person can be wholly or even primarily responsible for anything."

Yet Garth Henrichs, his son, said to me the very next day: "I am sure you realize that my father has been and still is the prime mover in all phases of our business. He was the one who conceived *Sunshine Magazine* in the beginning; and it was his pioneering spirit which originated

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our goodwill publications. Later, he began to dream of a unique home for *Sunshine*, and eventually built The House of Sunshine. Although the rest of us are partners and co-workers, my father's ideas are responsible for the origin and success of our business. He is blessed with a unique spirit, and is filled with a desire to promote the good and the beautiful" » »

I went to The House of Sunshine determined to write an unbiased account of this unusual business enterprise; but within the first thirty minutes of my visit I suddenly awoke to the fact that it would be impossible for me to adhere to my purpose. For already I was strongly biased—in favor of The House of Sunshine! For me, it would be utterly impossible to write anything in a critical vein, for I was won, heart and soul, by the quiet dignity and beauty of the place, and by the atmosphere of friendliness and goodwill which pervades this unique business establishment.

I was given free rein to write my story in my own way, and I enjoyed complete freedom to be critical. "We have no secrets," Henrichs informed me in the beginning; "there are no skeletons in our closets." But when I came to write this story, I could put nothing on paper save praise and commendation.

My deepest appreciation and sincerest thanks are extended to all members of the Henrichs family and to the entire staff of The House of Sunshine, who graciously granted interviews, who permitted me to peruse personal documents and records, and who assisted me in innumerable ways in the collection of material to be woven into the warp and woof of this account.

For ten days I went about with pen and notepaper in hand, asking questions, examining company files, and conducting interviews. In the printshop I came upon a great

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stack of covers for a popular Sunshine publication, *Notes by the Way*, which was being prepared in a new printing, on the back cover of which appeared this quaint Scottish observation: "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes; an' faith, he'll print 'em." Though hardly a "chieel," I did just that; and this book is the result of my "takin' notes."

This account has been prepared especially for three groups of persons: those who are readers of *Sunshine Magazine* and who would like to know something of the enthralling story of its origin and of the firm which publishes it; those who visit The House of Sunshine who desire a souvenir of their tour in which they may read about this unique institution and the varied business activities which originate therein; and those who are neither readers of *Sunshine* nor visitors to The House of Sunshine, but who have heard of these enterprises and want to know more about them.

Making no claim of being an exhaustive or comprehensive study, this book could very easily have been three times as long. Extensive laudatory quotations from visitors to The House of Sunshine and from readers of *Sunshine Magazine* would have contributed much interest to this account, but they have been omitted, in the main, because of limitations of space. At the same time, inspirational excerpts from *Sunshine Magazine* could profitably have been included, but they, too, have been eliminated, except for a few of those possessing historical or philosophical implications worthy of note in the development of this story.

In this account are many more aspects which could have been explored at greater length; but, after all, the purpose of this book is not to present a definitive, comprehensive study, but rather a stimulative one which will afford the reader such historical, philosophical, and human-interest data as may be of interest to him as he seeks to interpret for

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himself the amazing phenomena of *Sunshine Magazine* and The House of Sunshine.

Without a fundamental philosophy on the part of their founder, the Sunshine enterprises could never have come into existence. Lacking aspirations, dreams, and ideals, they would have been impossible. Without a basic love for humanity and a desire to make the world happier and more beautiful, these unique institutions could never have come into being » »

This story of the Sunshine projects, then, is recounted in terms of the ideals and dreams of their founder, whose aspirations, in turn, have exerted a profound influence to the farthest corners of the earth. In short, this book is the story of a man, and of his dreams, and of the manner in which those dreams have multiplied happiness and goodwill wherever *Sunshine* has made its way.

LEO BENNETT

Denton, Texas
October 1, 1958

A STATEMENT

THE author of this book was accorded the freedom of writing the story of The House of Sunshine in his own way, and of placing his own interpretation on the facts. Except for the wish that my own participation in the story had been treated in a less laudatory manner, I have no hesitancy in approving this book as the history and philosophy of The House of Sunshine.

I must explain that there is no element of genius in my make-up. I merely enjoyed the good fortune of conceiving a new type of magazine, and discovering the values that are inherent in goodwill advertising. Anyone possessing these ideas and persevering in their development could have accomplished as much.

"No life can live unto itself alone." The author may not have considered it important that my lifework is largely the result of my associates. Without the support of loyal co-operators, no man can do much. Had I not been blessed by the inspiration and patient counsel of Ethel Winifred, my wife, I might have been a dud.

Consider my son Garth, who sacrificed a part of his planned ambition and higher education to "first help Dad," and worked unremitting hours to help bring the business into daylight. And my niece Maud, who was on her way up in a career of art and music, and could not be restrained when an emergency in the business personnel arose. And then my daughter Monta, who proved her worth and valor in the editorial department when it was in dire need. All have been my mainstay, and are to this day sturdy pillars in the Sunshine structure.

There were also, I cannot forget, the two accomplished young ladies, just out of school, ambitious and adroit—Vara Neel Bertolino and Selma Weller Shepherd—who, when there came financial stress, volunteered to take less salary, and chided us for not telling them of the conditions sooner. Both are firmly life members of the Sunshine Family.

And Mason Bouillon, an affable, talented young man who offered to work "without wage," and declared later that he "would rather work at The House of Sunshine than eat!" Mason is now a trusted member of our policy-making group.

A STATEMENT

I am so glad to say a word for Rella Costley, efficient and lovable, with a heart full of sunshine always. She early joined the Sunshine Family at a crucial time, and to this day says, "It's a joy!"

Likewise Wendell Savage, a resolute, fetching fellow with an enviable disposition and a flair for getting things done. He long since abandoned a lucrative position elsewhere and made himself indispensable at The House of Sunshine.

Yes, indeed, there is Juanita Penman, our Sunshine girl, who makes a host of friends for *Sunshine Magazine*. She heads the *Sunshine* subscription department and is perhaps the most widely known in the *Sunshine* world of all The House of Sunshine personnel. "Penny" everybody likes to call her, for she is just that universal and useful » »

Another whose association I cherish is Thelma Lessman Putnam, a beaming soul with a penchant for making the sun shine on rainy days as she smiles at her work. She is the soul of integrity and goodwill at The House of Sunshine.

And the others in the *Sunshine* fold, for example, Olinda Flitz Pluhm, Edith Green Bryant, and Melba Hittmeier Gordon, all equally loyal and valiant. I wish there were space to mention every one, for all are well deserving, and all have a vital part in making the story of The House of Sunshine a lustrous one.

I am deeply grateful to the members of my family who have so heartily joined me in my ambition, and to the devoted associates who have put their life-blood into the work; and to the untold thousands of readers and patrons in this and other lands, whom I have never seen, but who by their kindly words have lent more encouragement and impetus to the task than they will ever know. I love them all! It is such as these who shared the vicissitudes when The House of Sunshine was in travail, who now are a part and parcel of its laudation. God love them!

I am grateful, too, to our historian, Leo Bennett, who labored assiduously to create a true word-picture of The House of Sunshine. His is a work of acclaim in a situation that seemed not to admit of a story. He deserves a larger share of the plaudits.

I hope you will enjoy reading the story, as I have enjoyed living it.

HENRY F. HENRICHS.

At The House of Sunshine.
Litchfield, Illinois.

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ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE OF SUNSHINE

EXECUTIVE STAFF:

Henry F. Henrichs, *President and General Manager.*
Garth Henrichs, *1st Vice President and Manager Publications Division.*
E. Winifred Henrichs, *2nd Vice President and Director Research Division.*
Maud M. Henrichs, *Secretary-Treasurer and Manager The Sunshine Press.*

ADVISORY STAFF:

Dr. Stephen J. Corey, Sacramento, California.
Colonel Edward Davis, Chicago, Illinois.
Everett Wentworth Hill, Polson, Montana.
Elbert Hubbard II, East Aurora, New York.
Paul S. Imamura, Tokyo, Japan.
Dr. G. Stephen Krishnayya, Poona, India.
Wilferd A. Peterson, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Walter Shaw, London, England.
Hal W. Trovillion, Herrin, Illinois.
Robert Sparks Walker, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Editorial Director: Henry F. Henrichs.
Secretarial Assistant: Vara Neel Bertolino.
Associate Editors: Leo Bennett, Maud M. Henrichs, Monta Crane,
E. Winifred Henrichs.

SUNSHINE PRESS STAFF:

General Manager: Maud M. Henrichs.
Business Manager: Garth Henrichs.
Subscription Manager, Sunshine Magazine: Juanita Penman.
Assistants: Edith Bryant, Thora Birkenkamp.
Circulation: Ronald Prast.
Mailing Lists: Selma Shepherd.
Assistants: Dorothy Miller, Bernice Baker.
Books, Features: Monta Crane.
Greeting Bookettes, Books of Sunshine: Olinda Pluhm.

ART STAFF:

Director: Maud M. Henrichs.
Assistants: Juanita Markos, Helen Satterlee, Joyce Edwards.

GOODWILL PUBLICATIONS STAFF:

General Manager: Garth Henrichs.
Assistant: Larry Henrichs.
Secretarial Assistants: Thelma Putnam, Melba Gordon.
Editorial Associate: Leo Bennett.
Superintendent of Production: Mason Bouillon.
Assistant: Tom Crane.
Superintendent of Distribution: Rella Costley.
Assistants: Bernice Baker, Ursula Garbe.

GENERAL STAFF:

Office Manager: Wendell Savage.
Personnel Consultant: Ronald Prast.
Equipment Engineer: Larry Henrichs.
Receptionist: Monta Crane.
Assistants: Juanita Penman, Thelma Putnam, Mary Wakeman.
Service: Olga Hesterberg, John Harrington.

SUNSHINE PARK:

Custodian: Miles F. Slightom.

FROM THE SELFSAME MATERIALS ONE MAN BUILDS
PALACES, ANOTHER HOVELS.



Photo by Ken L. Henderson.

The Blue Door, flanked by hand-carved panels of solid oak, depicting The House of Sunshine trade symbols, the Shepherd Boy and the Town Crier.

BUSINESS IS NEVER GOOD BUSINESS
UNTIL IT MAKES A FRIEND.



Photo by Ken L. Henderson.

The warm glow of the redgum paneling blends with the beauty of the Moravian tile panel beneath the counter of the Sunshine Room.



Photo by Murray Studio.

The gate swings wide to welcome visitors to the front court of The House of Sunshine.
(An early photo.)



Photo by Ken L. Henderson.

The sunny flagstone terrace, given privacy by a vine-covered wall of stone, boasts a genuine "old oaken bucket" atop a real old-fashioned well.



Photo by Murray Studio.

The dancing fountain catches the bright sun in the picturesque front court. At night ever-changing colored lights provide a fascinating scene. (An early photo.)



Photo by Ken L. Henderson.

The House of Sunshine in miniature, done in hand-carved wood by the noted Italian artist, Victor Berlendis. An exact replica, done in exquisite detail.



Photo by Murray Studio.

The Henry F. Henrichs home stands in quiet dignity, a short distance up the street from The House of Sunshine.



Photo by Murray Studio.

Brightly bedecked, the Henrichs residence radiates the spirit of Christmas for the community. It won the city Christmas prize two years in succession.

HE WHO BRINGS SUNSHINE INTO THE LIFE OF ANOTHER
HAS SUNSHINE IN HIS OWN. —David Starr Jordan.



HENRY F. HENRICHS

Photo by Rembrandt Studio.

WEALTH IS NOT HIS THAT HAS IT,
BUT HIS THAT ENJOYS IT. —Benjamin Franklin.



ETHEL WINIFRED HENRICHS

Photo by Murray Studio.

HE BUILDS TOO LOW WHO BUILDS
BENEATH THE STARS.



Photo by Morton Studio.

GARTH HENRICHS

THEY WHO ARE CONTENT TO REMAIN IN THE VALLEY WILL
NEVER GET THE GRANDER VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAINTOP.



MAUD HENRICHS

Photo by Rembrandt Studio.

A WISE MAN GOETH FORTH CHEERILY, THROUGH FAIR WEATHER
AND THROUGH FOUL; HE KNOWETH HIS JOURNEY MUST BE SPED,
SO HE CARRIETH HIS SUNSHINE WITH HIM.

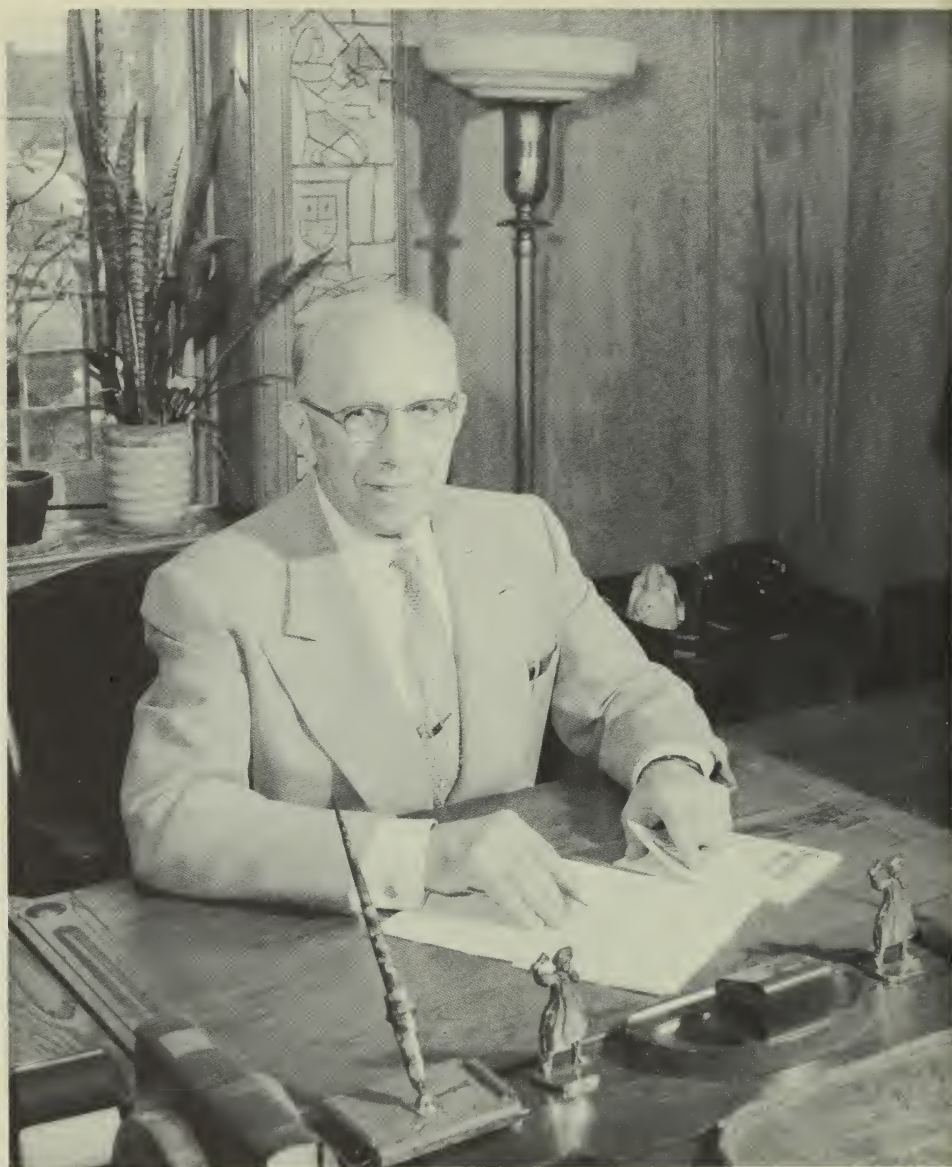


Photo by Morton Studio.

HF takes time from his busy schedule to exchange friendly greetings
across his editorial desk.



Henry and Winnie on "their day." Fifty golden years of marriage celebrated on April 15, 1950.



A happy pair of octogenarians, in a care-free moment of relaxation on Lookout Mountain in Tennessee.



JUDY CRANE



HF



RODDY PRAST

Typical of HF's love and generosity is the joy he receives in sharing the same birth date with a granddaughter and a great-grandson. Judy Crane (Monta's daughter) and Roddy Prast (Garth's grandson) both were born on HF's birthday, October 17.



Photo by Morton Studio.

Adjoining the Editorial office is the Bookkeeping department, where Wendell Savage efficiently handles the affairs of office manager.



Photo by Morton Studio.

A corner of the music studio where a recording and amplifying system is augmented by a Steinway piano and concert model Hammond organ. Maud presides at the organ.



Photo by Morton Studio.

"We greet thee, Guest." As receptionist, Monta is ready to extend a friendly welcome to anyone who enters the Blue Door.



Photo by Morton Studio.

Mirrored vistas over the fernery offer glimpses of enchanting reflected beauty in the homey Reception Room.



Photo by Hagerdorn Studio.

Editorial policy and management problems are discussed frequently by Garth and HF, as youth and experience combine for the benefit of all.



Photo by Morton Studio.

Through a blending of opinions important decisions are made at the conference table.
 Standing: Leo, Garth, Ron. Seated: Monta, Vara, HF, Maud, Penny, Olinda.



Photo by Morton Studio.

The distaff side of The House of Sunshine. Standing: Dorothy, Selma, Thora, Vara, Melba, Thelma, Edith, Bernice. Seated: Monta, Ursula, Rella, Penny. At desk: Olinda.



Photo by Morton Studio.

A friendly conference of "the boys." Standing: Wendell, Leo. Seated: Buel, Larry, Mason, Ron.

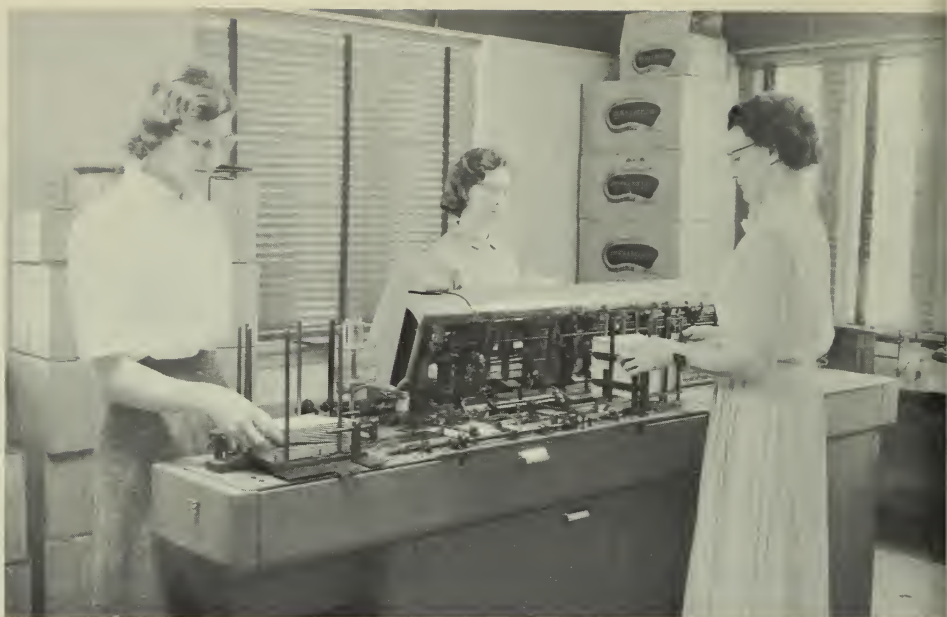


Photo by Morton Studio.

Each copy of *Sunshine Magazine* is securely tucked and sealed in a protecting envelope ready for mailing, under the watchful eyes of Ursula, Bernice, and Rella.

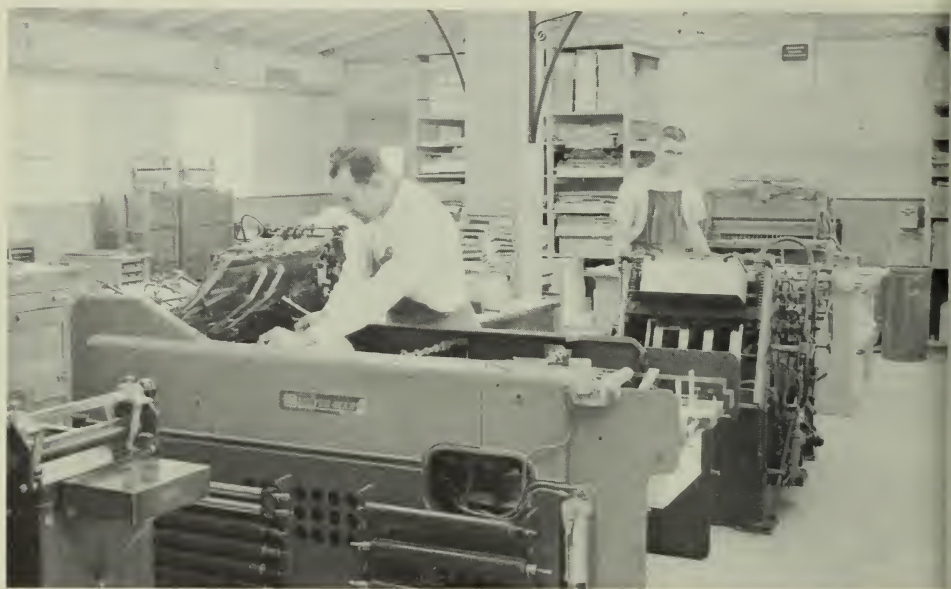


Photo by Morton Studio.

The steady rhythm of the printing presses sings a noisy, happy song as *Sunshine* publications emerge, each one a work of art, perfected by Mason and Buel.



Photos by Morton Studio.

Adorning the south inside gable of the Graphic Arts building is this mural of the Shepherd Boy in his rustic environment.



Reminiscent of the early days of printing is the rare medallion model of the Washington Hand Press, a startling contrast to the modern automatic presses.



Jerry and Bonnie Mitchell. Jerry is radio editor of *Sunshine Magazine*. His daily radio broadcasts for The House of Sunshine have been popular for several years. Many suspect that Bonnie is largely responsible for the fine programs.



Photo by Hagerdorn Studio.

The official transfer of the portion of the Davis estate, which has become known as Sunshine Park. Left to right: Captain David Davis, Mrs. Henrichs, HF, Miss Regina Davis, Colonel Edward Davis.



Photo by Morton Studio.

A welcome sign near the main entrance to Sunshine Park invites the passerby to enter and find peace and pleasure in the beauties of Nature.



Photo by Morton Studio.

Reminiscent of bygone days, and uniquely picturesque, is the covered bridge over the winding Mill stream, joining Westwood with the rest of Sunshine Park.

"ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE."



Photo by Hagerdorn Studio.

The majestic Sacred Elm stands as a sentry near the entrance to Sunshine Park—a glorious symbol of the power and infinite beauty of Nature. The tree has seven heavy branches stemming from one massive trunk.

PART ONE

It's Contagious!



The aim . . . is to radiate sunshine, to shine in the dark places. . . . Its sole purpose is to spread sunshine; to brighten the dark places with warmth and light; to inspire, if possible, a distraught world with a bit of enduring hope and courage.

—HENRY F. HENRICHS

I

When One Door Closes, Another Opens



SINGLY and in small groups, members of the Ohio Press Association began to saunter into their convention hall. As men habitually do, they gathered in small clusters to renew acquaintances, to swap stories, and to share their experiences since their last meeting. An atmosphere of good fellowship pervaded the room, although there were personal tensions and animosities between competitors that could almost be felt as a tangible force in the gathering.

For the most part, however, the men were friendly and cheerful as they prepared for the opening of their convention; and those who harbored grudges tended to remain aloof from the others, contributing nothing to the crescendo of voices and periodic laughter that rose and fell like the pulsation of waves upon a rugged, rock-bound shore.

Standing quietly and inconspicuously within the room was Henry F. Henrichs, who had more than a passing interest

in this particular convention of newspapermen. As he cordially shook hands and exchanged greetings with his many friends as they entered the room, he was his usual jovial self, and gave no indication to anyone that this particular meeting might prove to be different from the routine press convention—both for himself and for others. In fact, he had no inkling himself as to what the outcome of his little venture would be. He was merely trying out an experiment, hoping that it would increase the volume of his own business.

For twenty years, Henrichs had been a newspaper broker, whose business was to bring together men who wanted to buy newspapers and those who wanted to sell them. His profit came with the culmination of these sales, in the form of commissions. During the uncertain years following the First World War, newspaper properties were moving slowly, prospective buyers were few and far between, and Henrichs' commissions were dwindling. On the whole, his brokerage business had been quite successful, and he had been responsible for the selling of more newspaper properties during the past two decades than even C. M. Palmer of New York City, who had long been the best-known broker in the newspaper business » »

But 1923 had been a particularly slow year, and Henrichs had been casting about for some means whereby he might increase his earnings. For years he had been attending newspapermen's conventions throughout the United States, making himself known to editors and publishers in his characteristic quiet and unpretentious manner.

He was widely known in the newspaper field, and was highly regarded for his integrity and personal qualities. He had never used high-pressure methods to further his business interests; but every time he learned of someone who was thinking of buying or selling a newspaper, he went to

work in his unostentatious manner and sought to meet the needs of such potential prospective clients.

Through the years he had prospered, and had opened offices in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, in addition to his central office in Litchfield, Illinois. He credited his success to the principle on which he conducted negotiations, that "a transaction is never a good transaction unless both parties profit." Hence, his chief objective always was to better the conditions of both parties to a deal, rather than his own remuneration.

But there were times, too, when no sales were made.

When, in the fall of 1923, Henrichs attended the convention of the Missouri Press Association, he noted with interest a display table on which manufacturers of products utilized in the newspaper business had arranged attractive brochures and samples of their goods. Perhaps such a plan would be worth trying in an effort to promote his own business.

There was the problem, though, of what type of display he could prepare. He had nothing to sell except service, and it would be difficult to prepare a brochure which would depict his brokerage business in a tangible manner. He could display no samples, nor even pictures of what he had to sell. Then what could he do?

He could have some cards printed, announcing his brokerage business; but everybody did that, and he would like to prepare something attractive and different—something eye-catching that would do more than merely announce the fact that Henry F. Henrichs had sold newspaper properties for twenty years, and still was eager to sell them.

When he returned home from the convention of the Missouri Press Association, Henrichs felt that the embryo of a worthwhile promotional project had come into being in his mind. Since his early youth, he had been enthusiasti-

cally interested in collecting bits of cheerful and optimistic philosophy, poems with an uplifting message, and humor with a wholesome thrust. He thoroughly enjoyed leafing through all of the magazines and newspapers that came his way, clipping such gems of optimism and storing them away in cardboard boxes, for lack of a better place in which to keep them. It was his contention, although he never belabored the point, that the world has far too much of gloom, hatred, pessimism, and despondence; and that everything that can be done to alleviate these unwholesome qualities from the human mind is truly a worthwhile bit of work.

With his hands full of papers, he visited a printer friend in Litchfield, and together, in their spare time, they began the mechanical process of setting up type and designing an attractive little booklet which would be filled with homey philosophy, sparkling humor, and cheerful proverbs—"little bits of this and that in the way of inspirational reading." Henrichs himself designed the booklet, did the original drawings for the cover, and did much of the actual labor of typesetting and printing.

Although it was an attractive and unique production, it had been compiled in haste and produced in odd hours; and the compiler was not particularly pleased with it. However, it would serve the purpose that he had in mind for it—that of advertising his brokerage business in an unusual manner.

By the time the Ohio Press Association was to hold its convention in January, 1924, quantities of the little booklet were ready. Bundling them up and tying them securely into boxes, Henrichs carried them with him to the meeting.

Obtaining permission from officials of the convention, Henrichs entered the hall prior to the time of the meeting, and carefully placed a copy of the booklet on each chair in the room. For no particular reason, the publication had been

entitled *The Tale End*. This first issue was dated January, 1924; and the editor stated that there was a possibility that future issues would be produced.

With every chair in the convention hall bearing a copy of the booklet, Henrichs stood aside to observe the reactions of the newspaper people as they entered the room, and discovered the booklet on their chairs. He was a bit nervous, for he knew what usually happened to literature distributed at press conventions—it was dropped to the floor, unread. He earnestly hoped that this would not happen to his pet, *The Tale End*.

It didn't! When the newsmen began to gather at their seats, they noticed the colorful little brochure on each chair. One by one they picked it up, attracted by the unusual title and by the cover design. In the informal opening moments of the convention, they leafed through the booklet, read bits here and there, and began to smile broadly. Some of them laughed aloud at some particularly humorous comment or joke. When the meeting was called to order, Henrichs, still standing quietly at the side of the room, was relieved to note that not one delegate dropped the booklet to the floor. Every one shoved the brochure into his pocket—it would be worth keeping and reading later at one's leisure.

Sighing with relief, Henrichs took his seat. *The Tale End* was a success. At least it had gone into the pockets of these hard-boiled, practical-minded newspapermen. Later, perhaps, they would read it. Then something might happen.

Their responses were even more enthusiastic than Henrichs had dared to hope. The newsmen wanted to know about future issues, and what was the subscription rate? Some sent a dollar, asking to be put on the "list." These dollars Henrichs regretfully felt obliged to return.

But there were also more momentous responses—responses

to the simple and unpretentious professional announcement in *The Tale End* of his newspaper brokerage service.

One such response resulted in a sizable newspaper deal in California that netted him fifteen thousand dollars. This was the spark that caused Henrichs a few months later to launch a goodwill advertising service, which at the time he called "Sunshine Publicity," but later changed to "Town Crier Publicity." And the tiny *Tale End* was destined to become *Sunshine Magazine*, replete with the universal language of goodwill and enjoying an international circulation.

When Henry F. Henrichs distributed the first issue of his small goodwill publication, little did he know that at the age of forty-seven he was opening a door into a new and undreamed-of future. Unwittingly he now stood on the threshold of a new career. Soon the door would open wider, and beckon him to enter.

II

Henry Prints Cards for A "Tousorial" Artist



HERE must have been a trace of printer's ink in the veins of Henry F. Henrichs, for, except for a brief venture in the manufacturing business, his entire working career has been devoted to the newspaper and magazine industries. He can do anything in a printshop; and even today, at the age of eighty-two, he is never happier than when he has a few moments of spare time to putter about in the printshop, setting type, designing publications, and getting his fingers smeared with ink. At heart, he is, and always has been, an artisan, a skilled craftsman, a creator of the beautiful and the inspiring.

He was born in Germany on October 17, 1876, to William H. and Amelia (Borchers) Henrichs, near the village of Asendorf, not far from the city of Hanover. For seventy-eight years, however, he has been a resident of the State of Illinois, except for a brief two-year sojourn in Indiana. When he was only four years of age, his parents, gravely

concerned in view of the rising tide of militarism that was sweeping over Germany under the rule of Wilhelm I and his Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, determined to move to America while their sons were still too young to be forced into the military machine.

Upon leaving Germany, the Henrichs family determined to make their future home in Michigan. However, friends who had preceded them to the United States, and who had established themselves at Bunker Hill, Illinois, prevailed upon them to come there first before deciding finally upon where they would reside in this new land.

Henry F. Henrichs' earliest memory of America is that of his family waiting in the railway station at Baltimore for a train that would take them westward into their new future. While in the station, a terrific noise arose outside, with people shouting and crying with excitement. Henry's father, hurrying to the door, called back to his family in German, "*Ein tollen Hund ist los!*" ("A mad dog is loose!") Soon the commotion subsided, as Henry recalls, and the family settled down again to await the coming of their train.

At Bunker Hill, the Henrichs family discovered a congenial atmosphere among their friends and other German immigrants who had settled there. The father, in Germany, had been a grain miller and a cabinetmaker; and here he believed that he could earn a livelihood for his growing family as a carpenter and a farmer. The father lost no time taking out his citizenship papers, which automatically naturalized all the children.

The family consisted of the parents, three sons, Charles, William, and Henry, and two daughters, Margaret and Dorothea. One son, John, was born in America, and one daughter, Sophia, the oldest, had died before the family emigrated from Germany. The family later purchased a

farm near the village of Dorchester, Illinois, where the father died in 1889, and the mother in 1903.

Henry's boyhood was like that of any other boy living on a busy farm. When he was not in school, he was performing the "thousand and one" chores which were necessary around the place. His was a happy childhood, and his family environment was a wholesome and congenial one which contributed to his lifelong zest for living. Early in life he learned the folly of smoking and of drinking intoxicants, and never permitted himself to indulge in anything that he feared would interfere with his becoming the man he hoped to be.

His mother, especially, possessed high hopes for her children, and endeavored to instill within them the ambition to make their lives count for something worthwhile. To this day, one of the fondest early memories of Henry F. Henrichs is that of his saintly mother drawing him close beside her as she sat in her old rocking chair, and talking with him simply and sincerely about her hopes for him. She had nothing particular in mind for his future, but most of all wanted him to possess noble ideals and purposes. With her arm about his slender body as he stood beside her chair, and sometimes with her toil-worn cheek pressed against his, she would whisper, in her rich German tongue: "Henry, live for something! Live for something!"

Now, at the age of eighty-two, as Henry F. Henrichs enjoys what the world calls unusual success, he readily concedes that the inspiration and idealism of his mother during his early formative years were largely responsible for the achievements that have resulted from his efforts.

In those early years, though, mother and son did not always agree on what was worthwhile. She believed that the best contribution her son could make to his future success

was to do his share of the farm chores to the best of his ability. If he learned to do the work around the farm in his childhood, he doubtless would some day be the owner of one of the prosperous farms that abounded in the rich Illinois countryside.

As a dutiful and loving son, Henry performed the many tasks that were necessary around the farm, in his earlier years doing simple chores about the house and barnyard, but later undertaking the heavy field work. He still feels that, as a teen-age boy, he must have shocked half of the corn grown in Illinois » »

But he had other interests, also. In his early teens he became fascinated by the field of amateur journalism, and soon joined an association composed of amateur journalists. As a member of this group, he began to receive a wide variety of amateur journals, some, as he recalls, "produced in a manner quite difficult to read, while others were rather pieces of art." Hence, very early in life he learned, as he says, "to differentiate between the good and the bad in the graphic arts" » »

As a member of the amateur group, his conscience began to prick him a bit for, if he was to be a member of this association, he was supposed to be an amateur journalist, and he actually was not such a person. He possessed a keen interest in journals and in the mechanics of printing, and in fascination had watched the local printer working in his primitive shop; but he conscientiously felt that, if he was to belong to an association of amateur journalists, he himself should be an amateur journalist. Too, he was regularly receiving the publications produced by other members of the group, and he had none to offer in exchange. Consequently, he became enamored with the idea of producing a publication of his own » »

When he found an advertisement telling of a small, hand-operated Kelsey press for sale for twenty-five dollars, he believed that his dream of becoming an amateur journalist was about to come true. But where would he obtain the twenty-five dollars? There was only one possibility—his mother! He was sadly disappointed, however, when she declined to look with favor upon his desire to procure the press. Although he possessed grown-up ambitions, he was still a little boy at heart, and he burst into tears. As he recalls today, he “managed to make a good, hearty cry.” So prolifically did his tears flow that his mother, at last, relented, and agreed to lend him the twenty-five dollars for the press. Happily, he bounded off to mail his order.

Every day thereafter, an eager little boy would appear at the railway station in Dorchester to inquire whether a printing press had come for him. Finally, when it arrived, he learned to his dismay that he could not take it until he paid five dollars for express charges.

When he presented his new problem to his mother, she exclaimed that this was the last straw. No, she would not give him the five dollars for his old printing press! “The press must go back!” In his determination to have a press, he “had to tear up some more earth,” more tears flowed, and eventually Henry had his five dollars—and with his printing press he possessed the earth!

Now that he had it, his mind was filled with plans. Well, there might be a few people around Dorchester who would let him do some job printing for them, and thus he could earn a little money for himself. But his overwhelming ambition was to begin publishing, on his own press, his own little newspaper or magazine. In the meantime, he did do some job printing for his neighbors. One was the Dorchester barber, who wanted some professional cards printed,

bearing his name and the words "tonsorial artist." Happily, Henry went about his task of turning out one of his very first printing jobs, not noticing that he had misread the barber's handwriting, and that the cards, when printed, bore the words, "*tousorial*" artist. While the loss of the cards meant losing a little fortune, Henry insisted on re-printing them at his own expense.

Years later, when Henry had his own prosperous business in Litchfield and was well on the road to success, a brother of the barber, who knew of the incident, meeting Henry on the street, remarked, "Henry, do you remember those cards you printed for my brother?" And Henry replied, "That was my first and best lesson in business." This early, unhappy experience taught Henry the lesson that accuracy, efficiency, and square dealing pay well in all affairs of life. His later efforts were to be characterized by an unusual degree of precision and exactness.

III

“Henry . . .
There Is Hope!”



BOY in his early teens was obsessed with his new possession, a printing press of his very own! His press had come equipped with four fonts of type and four wooden type cases. He was spending his days in school, his early evenings in farm chores and in doing his lessons, and the mid-hours of the night at his printing press. There were many nights when he worked at the press until two or three o'clock in the morning; and he had to get up at five o'clock to help with the morning chores before going to school.

Soon he had a real purpose as a motivation for his arduous labors. He began the publication of a little eight-page magazine entitled *The Golden Dawn*, for which the subscription price was twenty cents per year—"cash with order." The pages measured approximately five by eight inches, and three hundred copies of each issue were produced. Soon, the youthful publisher had a number of subscribers, and he

disposed of most of the other copies by exchanging them with other amateur journalists who had their own publications.

Henrichs recalls that what really fired his ambition to publish an amateur paper was a little five-by-seven-inch, four-page publication produced by Jeffie R. Hudson of Hardin Springs, Kentucky. It was called *The Yankee Youth*, and Henrichs still remembers it as "a peach of a little paper." He confesses that he tried to imitate it, even to investing in the unique Connor Brothers body face type from New York, but that he made a "rank failure" in trying to do so » »

Most of the issues of *The Golden Dawn* are still to be found in Henrichs' files. Though yellowed and fragile with age, they are easily readable, and testify to the painstaking care with which the youthful editor and publisher prepared them. I have before me, as I write, the issue for May, 1894, whose title page and contents are highly artistic and well done, especially when one considers that Henrichs was only eighteen years of age at the time. The upper half of the title page, which is highly decorative and esthetically pleasing to the eye, contains the table of contents for the issue, whereas the lower half is devoted to a simple but highly artistic advertisement on behalf of "Henry F. Henrichs, Commercial Job Printer," with all communications to be addressed to "Golden Dawn Publishing Company, Dorchester, Illinois." This was the first printing shop in the village » »

The Golden Dawn, as the title might suggest, contained inspirational and informative material—very much like *Sunshine Magazine* was to be many years in the future. Within it there were poetry, human-interest items, humor, brief serialized fiction, and educational bits, along with a selection of advertisements.

The young editor and publisher spent long hours searching for suitable materials to include in his pages, and still longer hours in laboriously setting the type by hand, and in printing the three hundred copies, one page at a time, on the little hand press. But these busy nights were pregnant with rich experiences and with much of the joy of living. For the first time in his young life, Henry F. Henrichs was doing what he most wanted to do. He wasn't earning enough money to make the venture profitable, but he was happy and contented; and every time a new issue of *The Golden Dawn* struggled off the press, he was thrilled to the depths of his being.

When his mother noted his long hours of labor, and saw that he appeared to be perpetually tired, she expressed her disapproval in no uncertain terms, and attempted to dissuade him from his hobby. True, she had admonished him to "live for something"; but she did not have in mind that he would work through most of the night merely for the sake of getting a little ink on his fingers. She could see no future in what he was doing, and could not understand his enthusiasm for *The Golden Dawn*. She could not appreciate his unbounded zeal as he experienced the first thrills of creative labor. Had she been able to look into the future and behold the fruition of these youthful prodigious labors, she perhaps would have been reconciled. Her son already was beginning to "live for something" that, in time, would shape his life and bring success to his door.

At the age of ten, Henry met a little girl named Ethel Winifred Masters, who attended the same school in Dorchester. With him it was a case of love at first sight. Later, he was interested to learn that she had been born only twelve days after his own birth, and he has never forgotten what he calls his twelve days' claim of "seniority" over the

attractive little girl who eventually was to become his beloved wife, "Winnie."

Winifred, in those early days of acquaintanceship with Henry Henrichs, was not particularly impressed with him. She didn't know his family, although she had heard that they had come to America only six years before, and were Lutherans! Her own family were Disciples of Christ, and her father was a clergyman in that faith.

In the years of his school life in Dorchester, Henry Henrichs could not forget Winifred Masters; and as he grew older he often wished that he could muster the courage to conduct an aggressive courtship. But he has never been one to exert pressure, either in the attainment of his personal desires or in the advancement of his business interests. He did let Winifred know that he enjoyed being with her, and she must have suspected that he deeply cared for her.

At about the time that Winifred was graduating from Bunker Hill High School as the valedictorian of her class, in 1895, she was seen more and more with a wealthy young farmer, who was regarded as "the catch of Dorchester" by all of the mothers, and by many of the young women of the area. Finally, when the word got around that she and this particular swain were engaged to be married, Henry Henrichs looked on in deep but silent suffering. Some sixty years later, in describing his feelings on that occasion, he declared that he was "almost killed" by the turn of events.

Writing a note to Winifred, he let her know that he was brokenhearted and deeply distressed. Although he was too shy to be aggressive, he did express to Winifred the burden of his frustrated hopes. To his note she replied: "Henry, from now on we can only be friends." Although touched by his earnestness, and by his obvious love for her, she was, nevertheless, promised to another.

The marriage, however, did not occur. Winifred began teaching school. With mounting interest, Henry noticed that she was not going around as much with the young farmer as she had in the past. One Sunday, at church, Winifred smiled at Henry, and pressed a crumpled piece of paper into his hand. When he read it, his heart almost leaped out of his chest, and songs of joy burst forth in his soul.

The note read: "Henry, there is hope!"

IV

Forging Toward The Horizons



UPON completion of the courses in the Dorchester school, where the teacher proclaimed him an exemplary pupil, and where Winifred Masters always ranked first, Henry Henrichs enrolled as a student in the Bunker Hill Military Academy, and became a graduate of that institution two years later. At that time his formal schooling ended, and he was often to declare in future years, "I am not an educated man." He may have lacked the opportunity to obtain a higher formal education, but no one who has known Henry F. Henrichs at any time during his adult life would ever think of saying that he is an uneducated man. What he did not obtain in college, he taught himself, through wide reading, study, and human associations. He belongs to the older school of successful men who have surmounted their difficulties and overcome their lack of advantages in their determination to attain their goals in life.

Meanwhile, the Henrichs family was enjoying a modest prosperity as farmers in the Dorchester community. When Henry graduated from the academy, he began to talk of a career for himself. Apparently, he never thought of doing anything except newspaper work. The virus of printer's ink had, by this time, saturated his whole being; and even his mother, who had so ardently opposed his labors on *The Golden Dawn*, had to concede at last that he probably would be unhappy if he undertook any other work. Perhaps, though, if he became a newspaperman for a time, he would sicken of the work and would, after all, fulfill his mother's high hope for him—that of becoming a successful farmer on the Illinois prairie. Wanting happiness for her son first of all, she began to offer less opposition when he talked of the newspaper trade.

At about this time, in the mid-nineties, there became available for purchase *The Advance*, a run-down weekly newspaper of the Bunker Hill community. Henry sought the counsel of the head of Bunker Hill Military Academy, Professor S. L. Stiver, who heard his story patiently, and then stated abruptly: "If you were my son, I'd forbid you to buy this paper!"

Somewhat stunned at this unexpected response, Henry persisted: "But I want that newspaper more than anything in my life" » »

"Why, Henry, do you want that paper—a money loser?" Professor Stiver asked.

"Because it will give me a chance to build it up," was Henry's answer » »

"I admire your persistence," the professor finally said, "and if you buy the paper I will do all I can to help you."

Henry was only nineteen at this time, and his mother opposed his assumption of so much responsibility. She

insisted that he was too young and inexperienced to enter the business world. He persisted, however, and procured a partner, Fred Wolfe, an ambitious young man and a good printer » »

Henry's mother loaned him five hundred dollars to pay for his partnership in *The Advance*. The name was changed at once to *The News*, and the paper was issued semi-weekly.

Bunker Hill was a small town of about twelve hundred souls, and there was heavy competition in an older and more substantial paper. But Henry, as editor and manager, and Fred as foreman and printer, went to work and made the rejuvenated newspaper a successful enterprise.

Years later, on his deathbed, Professor Stiver sent for Henry. He said, "Henry, I didn't want you to buy that paper because I doubted that anyone could succeed with it. I feared your failure would discourage you. I should have known better, having had you in my school. Keep it up, Henry; you will get along."

This newspaper was Henry's second venture, the purchase of the little printing press having been the first. Both were made possible with the help of his mother, who had opposed both moves, but who in the end capitulated in the face of her son's determination. Henry has never ceased to honor his mother for her help in his early ventures; nor has he forgotten her counsel to "live for something." This he has consistently done in an exemplary manner.

Henry Henrichs soon purchased his partner's interest, and was happy in his new position as publisher, editor, and printer of the Bunker Hill newspaper. And his enthusiasm and happiness were immeasurably enhanced as his friendship with Winifred Masters grew.

On Easter Sunday, April 15, 1900, Henry and Winifred were united in marriage by Dr. W. Frank Ross, in Cham-

paign, Illinois. Proudly and happily Henry brought his bride to Bunker Hill, where they established their first home. Three years after their marriage, their first child was born to the happy couple in Bunker Hill. They named him Harold Garth, exemplary of the hero of a beautiful Christian story.

At about this time, Henry discovered that he was not content with the little Bunker Hill semi-weekly. He wanted a daily newspaper; and, when he heard of a daily paper for sale in Shelbyville, Indiana, he disposed of his Bunker Hill interests and purchased the daily. But he found the new field a political hotbed, and he would have none of it. The interests from whom he purchased the property launched another paper, the third daily in a town of some ten thousand population. A political faction in the county desired a mouthpiece. The representatives proposed to purchase Henrichs' paper, and he was glad of the opportunity to dispose of the property.

Next, Henry was enticed by an opportunity to start a small manufacturing business in Indianapolis which held "much promise but little immediate profit." With three partners—his Shelbyville city editor, James Hedge, a friend, Henry Moehle, and his brother John—"The Emporium" was established. They manufactured 4H, a cleanser and polish; Renovene, a spot remover; 2-Sweet, sachet powder and moth preventive; Liquisote, an ointment; Linen Wax, an antiseptic; and other household articles, some of which became popular and in demand. When the firm's salesmen failed to bring in substantial returns, the four partners took to the road themselves and met with a degree of success. But the project was abandoned and the stock on hand was sold to stores in Indianapolis.

Now, the Henrichs family was lured to Girard, Illinois,

by the promise of eighteen good American dollars per week if he would become the editor and manager of *The Anchor*, one of two weekly newspapers. A year later, in May, 1906, Henry was approached with an offer to become the manager and editor of the *Litchfield Daily Herald*. Since he was not particularly interested in making a move at this time, he set his price high, and was startled to get it—twenty-five dollars per week. So, fifty-two years ago, Henry and Winifred Henrichs, with their young son, Garth, moved to Litchfield, where they have become as well known as the unique and prosperous business which they later established.

Within a year, though, Henry gave up his newspaper position, lucrative though it was for those times, and launched his own business. In 1904, while participating in the manufacturing venture in Indianapolis, Henry had begun in spare time to act as a newspaper broker. As chance would have it, he heard of men who were wanting to buy newspapers and of other men who desired to sell, and he stepped in to close the deals on a commission basis. Continuing his fledgling brokerage business, by 1907 he had caught visions of greener pastures and, therefore, decided to devote his entire time to acting as a newspaper broker.

For the next twenty years, he was away from home much of the time as he traveled repeatedly across the nation in the interest of his growing business. He became successful, often making lucrative commissions on the sale of substantial newspaper properties. There were times, however, when money was far from plentiful. Even today, Henrichs recalls with a shudder the time when the Christmas season was approaching, and there was no money available for gifts for his beloved wife, his fine son Garth, and his lovely young daughter Monta. He had recently closed a transaction in Iowa, resulting in a commission, payable in Janu-

ary—too late for Christmas. Then, a few days before Christmas he received a check for \$1,800, accompanied by a note: "Although your commission isn't due until January, I thought you might need some extra money for Christmas." Shades of Croesus! The world seemed good to Henrichs and his happy family that Christmas! To this day, the friendship between Henrichs and C. F. ("Skinny") Skirvin, now of Santa Ana, California, and in his ninety-first year, has continued warm and genuine.

During his twenty-six years in the brokerage business, Henry "learned a lot about human nature," as he recalls. He learned, for instance, that the truly great men are more human and more easily approached than are the mediocre individuals who are stilted from basking in the rays of their own sense of self-importance. From his contacts with William Randolph Hearst of the Hearst newspaper chain; Victor Lawson of the *Chicago Daily News*; Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, and other comparable great names in the newspaper field, he learned that the truly great are humble and simple folk, predominantly understanding and considerate. He enjoyed the brokerage business, for it enabled him to associate with people and to make many friends wherever he went. The only objectionable feature was that he was kept away from his beloved family so much of the time.

He actually knew little about working for an employer, for he had always worked for himself, except for the few years in Girard and in Litchfield as editor and manager for the respective newspapers. He was independent, self-sustaining, and happy. What more could he want?

Then came the war years of 1914-1918, followed by their uncertain aftermath. In those days of crises, the newspaper market was stagnant: owners were reluctant to sell, and

there were few who were willing to incur the risk of buying. The newspaper brokerage business hit a prolonged slump. But as one door seemed to close, another door to an even more charming vista, opened.

The Tale End had been distributed inauspiciously to members of the Ohio Press Association, and apparently had met with a welcome response as reading matter and had produced some tangible increase in the newspaper brokerage business. Little did Henry F. Henrichs realize the latent potentialities that were inherent in that insignificant bit of literature. But he was soon to recognize that, unknowingly, he had forged the horizons of his future destiny.

You see, the homey, cheerful philosophy of optimism embodied in that booklet was contagious, and in time an epidemic of goodwill would spread far and wide, to the uttermost ends of the earth.

V

An Idea Whose Time Had Come



IN the very first issue of Henrichs' goodwill booklet, distributed to members of the Ohio Press Association in January, 1924, appeared ample evidence of the optimism, cheer, hope, and faith in mankind that have characterized his philosophy of business in all of the years before and since that time. These are the very same qualities that have enabled *Sunshine Magazine* to enter the hearts of people around the world, to lift their daily lives to higher and richer levels, to help them to discern the silver lining that may be found in every dark cloud, to encourage them to perceive that stars may still shine in the darkest of night skies.

In this first small, sixteen-page issue were an introductory article on patriotism in the American way, President Coolidge's commendations of the press and his appreciation for the notable services of the newspapers of the United States, a humorous poem by Ben King, two pages of "Bits of Verse

to Memorize," a passage of Scripture (James 1:19-27), maxims, jokes, and a "Foreword" by the editor, placed uniquely in the very center of the book.

The front cover carried the simple notation that this little brochure was published by The H. F. Henrichs Agency, with offices in Litchfield, Illinois, New York City, and Los Angeles. Inside the front cover was the motto, "He who follows another is always behind." Also, at the bottom of this inside cover was another imprint of the Henrichs Agency, accompanied by the notation, "Selling Newspaper Properties." On the back cover was the whimsical reminder: "It takes 65 muscles of the face to make a frown and 13 to produce a smile. Why waste energy?"

When the newspapermen took up their copies and began to wonder about the purpose for its existence—and most of them must have done so—they could readily see that H. F. Henrichs was responsible for it. Then it must be his own clever notion for advertising his newspaper brokerage business; but he certainly did it in a quiet, unassuming way. He could have utilized these pages for an aggressive publicity stunt for his agency, but instead he merely mentioned his firm, and the fact that its business was "selling newspaper properties." This fellow Henrichs was a bit peculiar, anyway; they all knew him, for he had been attending their conventions for years, moving quietly and unostentatiously among them, punctuating his conversation with his ready and infectious laughter, and radiating his perennial atmosphere of goodwill and happiness. Now, apparently, he had captured a bit of his optimistic outlook on life in the pages of this little booklet. But why had he gone to all this trouble and expense to advertise his agency, when he could merely have distributed printed cards?

If they were searching for Henrichs' underlying purpose

in publishing his booklet, they could find an inkling of it in the "Foreword," in which he had written:

In placing this little magazine before you, we feel that we owe a frank statement of the reason for its being.

There is a certain amount of unrest in the make-up of a business man who has a deeper interest in his work than is dictated by the rules of profit and loss. The desire is for a real part in the great scheme of creation and betterment. Primarily, this publication is in part an attempt to that end.

To every newspaper man who has once sensed the smell of the ink, there comes an instinctive call, indescribable and inexplicable. Without some satisfying answer, life itself would lose its charm. Here again this magazine is, to a degree, an end » »

If through the medium of this little magazine we are able to make ourselves better known to you—our desires and purposes—we shall feel richly repaid for the effort.

In these pages, every issue, we shall look forward with real delight to greeting you with good cheer and optimism and helpfulness. Even though we never have an opportunity to meet you face to face, and exchange thoughts on congenial topics, we hope to make you feel mentally the warm hand-clasp that we should be happy to extend to you in person.

Then followed the compiler's signature—not quite the same signature as that employed today, but nevertheless one that embodied the distinctive Henrichs flourish.

So this was the purpose of the booklet—to bring cheer, inspiration, and helpful thoughts to its readers, while quietly making an unpretentious thrust on behalf of the Henrichs brokerage business! This was a clever idea, thought the newspapermen, many of whom entered their subscriptions on the spot, before leaving the press convention. This would make good reading, and it wouldn't require much time from their busy days. Besides, the nominal cost was an inducement to make the experiment to determine whether it would be able to dispel some of the grim-

ness from their lives and to replace a few of their frowns with smiles. It was worth a trial!

Although, when he brought the publication into existence, Henrichs was uncertain as to whether there would be a second issue, he had indicated the subscription rate as a "feeler" with which to gauge the reception that such a publication might be accorded by busy people.

The first issue met with such an enthusiastic response that Henrichs soon began to make plans for the second. He conscientiously sought to make this issue better than the first, and more attractive, for he sensed that he might unknowingly have launched a project that would ripen into something worth while.

The second issue did not make its appearance until March, 1924. In the meantime, Henrichs had been receiving communications from people of whom he had never heard, expressing an interest in the booklet, and desiring to be added to his mailing list. Apparently the newspapermen who had received the first issue had been passing it around, or telling their friends about it.

On the front cover of the second issue appeared the notation: "2 for 10c. Published monthly. 2 copies each issue, per year only \$1." The issue again carried the professional card of the publisher—"Selling Newspaper Properties for 20 Years." There was no aggression in the advertising—merely the statement of the nature of his business. As a newspaper broker, Henrichs never had employed high-pressure methods; and he later was to become one of the world's most successful and best-known promoters of low-pressure, goodwill advertising. Not only has he consistently employed these methods in his own business, but also he has attained astounding success in persuading hundreds of other firms to follow the same pattern.

The front cover of the second issue also bore the legend so familiar through the years to readers of *Sunshine Magazine*—"Easy to Read."

The back cover of the second issue carried a quotation from Bob Ryder: "So live that you will not want it kept out of the paper." The contents were wholesome, inspiring, and humorous—just the thing to give one an uplift and to brighten some of the dark corners of life.

Enthusiastic reports had been coming in with such persistence that Henrichs felt impelled to increase the size of his publication. Many readers had suggested a larger publication, and Henrichs himself believed that if people were being inspired by sixteen pages, they would receive still more uplift if a larger booklet were produced. Accordingly, the April (third) issue carried the announcement that the May number would contain thirty-two pages, exactly double the size of former issues. In line with this, the subscription price was to be raised to one dollar per year.

In the fourth issue—that of May, 1924—appeared the first letters of commendation for *The Tale End*. Since January, readers had been writing enthusiastically concerning their enjoyment of the publication, and Henrichs made the decision to publish some of their comments as an item of interest. He was to publish extracts from such letters almost every month in future issues, not with the idea of boasting, but merely for the sake of public expression.

Later, in *Sunshine Magazine*, "Love Letters" and "Let's Open the Mail" were to become regular and popular features. At various times, when Henrichs has become particularly concerned as to the propriety of publishing such expressions, and has asked for reactions from readers, the response has invariably been overwhelmingly in favor of publishing them—and more of them!

VI

Sunshine . . . The Torch of Hope



WHEN the fifth issue appeared, in June of 1924, it was entitled *Sunshine Magazine*, a name more consistent with the character of the contents of the booklet, and with its predominant purpose—that of making life more livable. Consequently, the choice of *Sunshine* was a logical one.

This first issue of *Sunshine* carried the following descriptive phrases on the front cover:

EASY TO READ
MAKES YOU THINK
FOR AMBITIOUS PEOPLE
CLEAR, FORCEFUL, ENTERTAINING

Henrichs' personal message at the center of the magazine

was entitled "Set a Trap for Sunshine," in which he set forth the purpose of *Sunshine Magazine* by means of a clever allegory:

"It is the darkest hole that I ever saw; never a bit of sunshine comes to this place, summer or winter." This was the lament of David Coombe in his old English cobbler's shop. A vision came to the dozing cobbler in angel form, saying: "I will tell you how to set a trap for sunshine. It must be bright and pure, baited with Energy, Perseverance, Industry, Charity, Faith, Hope, and Content. Do this, David Coombe, and you will never say again that no sunshine gilds your dwelling, or gladdens your declining days."

David Coombe cleaned away the dust and dirt of years from the windows of his cobbler's shop. Then the sunshine streamed in, a whole world of it. And it came to stay.

We all know people who go among their fellows as though life had been a terrible disappointment; that it had never made good its promises. They live in the shadows. Instead of opening up their nature and letting in the sunshine of life, they close up like a clam and shut out all that is beautiful and glorious, happy and sunny. They live within themselves, lonely, gloomy lives, and are never effective or happy.

Sunshine has an inspiring effect, a beneficent influence; it is favorable to health; it makes all nature rejoice; and it warms the soul of man. If more people were taught as children are taught to let sunshine into their lives, it would transform the world.

We need more sunshine makers, more joy peddlers. We want cheerful men and women, with more hopefulness and laughter! We have too many long, sour faces, too many people with chilling looks and exclusive manners.

Nothing contributes more to the highest success and the greatest satisfaction generally than the formation of a habit of seeing the bright side of things, of letting the sunshine into one's life. Says a writer: "There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths which come about us like birds seeking inlet; but we are shut up to them, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing a while upon the roof and then fly away."

In the July, 1924, issue of *Sunshine* was published an interesting item which has been widely distributed in following years. Original with Henrichs, it was entitled "Ten Commandments of Success," and was as follows:

1. WORK.
2. WORK.
3. WORK.
4. WORK.
5. WORK.
6. WORK.
7. WORK.
8. WORK.
9. WORK.
10. WORK.

On the back cover of this issue appeared for the first time a maxim which has often been referred to as "The *Sunshine* motto": "Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it out of their own." Adapted from a similar statement authored by David Starr Jordan, this cheerful little thought has graced the pages of *Sunshine Magazine* through most of its years of existence.

The back cover of the seventh issue of *Sunshine*—that for August—featured the lilting couplet:

It's the songs you sing, and the smiles you wear—
That make sunshine everywhere!

The September number carried the first *Sunshine* cover to feature a pictorial drawing. In ensuing years, the original drawings and paintings which have appeared on the covers have become increasingly popular with readers.

Almost consistently, from the very beginning, the front cover page of *Sunshine* has been kept free from reading matter, except for the title, a maxim or two, and perhaps

an artistic drawing. One rare exception to this policy was the issue of August, 1924, on the front cover of which appeared the following statement of purpose for *Sunshine*:

The aim of this purposeful little magazine is to radiate sunshine, to shine in the dark places. To give uplifting, cheering inspiration is the motive which brought it into being. *Sunshine* does not crave for gain, but if it can give the world a thought, or if it can inspire one soul to greater usefulness and joy, then it will not have striven in vain. As the rose radiates beauty and perfume to all who come into its presence, so shall *Sunshine* bring uplift and refreshment wherever its pages are unfolded.

There have been a few other times, also, when the front cover of *Sunshine* was utilized to state the purposes of the publication. On the cover of a number of issues during 1935, for instance, appeared the following: "A monthly reminder that the game of life is the best game of all, and that those who play it most successfully are friendly, helpful, inspiring human beings."

Then, on the cover of the January, 1941, issue, set in the attractive dignity of Old English type, the editor set forth his philosophy of sunshine as a powerful motivating force in human life:

People who radiate sunshine have a faculty of turning the common water of life into the most delicious nectar. Their cheery salutation is like the coming of the morning after a long, dark night. Their smile is magic to a sad heart. It dispels the fogs of gloom and despair as the sun dispels the mists which hang over a stagnant swamp. These sunshine characters are public benefactors. Every one who comes in contact with them is enriched by their wealth of good cheer. And the more they give of their wealth, the more it multiplies. It is like good seed planted in fertile ground.

In a like vein, the cover of *Sunshine* a year later, in January, 1942, carried an adapted statement which limned not

only a worthy resolution for the individual as he entered the new year, but also an implication of the editor's earnest conception of the role that *Sunshine* might assume in enlightening and strengthening the human life for conquering the dark places that might lie ahead in the road:

The sun has just cast its first glorious rays of light upon the treetops. It is a new beginning. And we pause in solemn reverie, and build our new theme. What shall we wish for the new day? Nothing that shall bring pain or privation to our fellows, but rather those priceless things that will reflect the light of radiant splendor upon all who love the day. We shall take no thought for the morrow, for we know it will never come. We shall not grieve if shadows appear in our pathway, for a cloud cannot cast a shadow unless the sun shines behind it. By word and deed we shall show a fuller appreciation of the good that comes our way. And if peace of mind be our only reward, we shall never ask for more.

That its originator held the hope that *Sunshine* would serve to dispel the shadows and sorrows of life, to ease the burdens of mankind, and to radiate a philosophy of optimism, was clearly indicated in the issue of March, 1933, in the editor's comments:

... readers of *Sunshine Magazine* continue to ask us how we came to publish this little magazine. Our answer is best illustrated by the idea expressed in the following incident:

A little girl was crying. Her mother, to distract her thoughts, called to her, "Oh, come here, darling! Come here quickly and look at this bird!" The little girl ran to the window and stared at the friendly little bird until it flew away. Then she asked, "Mother, what was I crying about?"

Even in those early days of the magazine, there was ample evidence that people far and wide were deriving invaluable inspiration from its pages. There was, for instance, a touching note from an enthusiastic subscriber in

1933, who wrote: "After I mail this communication to you, all I shall have left in this wide world is a three-cent stamp. But who is richer than I? Every laugh adds a minute to my life!" This was a wholesome philosophy which Henry F. Henrichs could understand and appreciate.

Sunshine was only a few years old when Henrichs coined a word which has been used as an identification for this particular publication, along with other similar booklets now issued as companions to *Sunshine*. They were to be familiarly known in the future not as magazines, but as "magazets." Perhaps Henrichs had in mind that "magazet" would refer to miniature magazines. Although the word does not yet appear in dictionaries, it possibly will eventually find its way into the field of lexicography, for *Sunshine* has popularized it to such an extent that it now is widely employed.

Even in 1942, after the magazet had become a self-sustaining venture, Henrichs still insisted, as he had in the beginning, that the purpose of *Sunshine* was not to make money. He expressed it this way:

This little magazet has no ax to grind. It is not a money-making project. It has no creed to promulgate. Its sole purpose is to spread sunshine; to brighten the dark places with warmth and light; to inspire, if possible, a distraught world with a bit of enduring hope and courage.

These words were of potent significance in a world then gripped in the throes of deadly combat. Though *Sunshine* did not ignore the fact that the Second World War was in progress, very little mention of the conflict occurred in its pages. Persistently and doggedly, it continued to disseminate its rays of hope far and wide, attempting to supplant weakness with courage, despondency with hope, fear with faith, shadows with sunshine!

That it was highly successful in its efforts to emphasize the lasting importance of the good, the true, and the beautiful while the world was dedicating itself to hatred, prejudice, misunderstanding, and destruction, was repeatedly verified by comments from both civilians and combatants.

As a patriotic gesture, and to aid in its constructive efforts in a world that was hurtling itself toward doom, *Sunshine* went out to the armed forces at half price. In muddy fox-holes on Pacific islands, in planes that rained death from the skies, in the heat and aridity of African deserts, in the cramped quarters of submarines far below the sea, on the decks of battleships and aircraft carriers, in the stench and futility of death on scores of bloody battlefields—everywhere that men fought, *Sunshine* was there with its message of hope, optimism, strength, and faith. Copies were passed from hand to hand until they disintegrated in tatters. Men and women in the armed services read them avidly—clutching at any straw that would sustain them through those dark days and darker nights.

Typical of hundreds of letters received from those who were, in one way or another, victims of the war, was one penned by a group of Japanese in California who, although American citizens, had been interned because of their national origins. This note from these unfortunate ones was published in the April, 1943, issue:

You have no idea how much *Sunshine Magazine* means to us here in a concentration camp. Each month we wait for it to come. It gives us spiritual strength, and helps us to keep our chins up. As soon as we finish reading it, we lend it to our friends. They, too, get great comfort from *Sunshine*. Although we are American citizens by constitutional rights, we are put into a camp like this. Sometimes our morale is very low, and it is at such times that we all get much help from *Sunshine*. God bless your company for your wonderful *Sunshine Magazine*.

During the war years—as always—*Sunshine Magazine* sought to hold out the torch of hope to those who were hopeless, to strengthen the faith of those who were discouraged, to uplift the hearts of those who were despondent, to put a smile once more upon the lips of those who had been defeated in the battles of life—in short, to send a ray or two of sunshine streaming through the beclouded skies of human life.

VII

"Henry, Don't Do It . . . We Can Carry On, Some Way"

"Genius has a twin brother by the name of Percy Vere."



WHEN Henry F. Henrichs formulated this maxim for the October, 1925, issue of *Sunshine*, he doubtless did so with a whimsical hope that "Percy Vere" would soon bring him more success than he had enjoyed up to that time in his project of disseminating cheer, noble thoughts, and high values in life. Subscription lists were growing steadily, but not rapidly enough to make *Sunshine* a profitable venture. If it had not been for his occasional business transactions as a newspaper broker, Henrichs would not have been able to continue his publication.

He possessed a persistent faith, however, in what he was doing; and, month by month, he was becoming more and more convinced that there was a future for *Sunshine*, if he could only carry on during its early years of struggle and uncertainty. He was not giving up without a battle, and

apparently found encouragement in a motto borrowed from Maltbie D. Babcock, the eminent clergyman. He gave this motto a prominent display in the October, 1925, issue:

G o
R ight
O n
W orking!

In his own mind, he was certain that he could not hope for success, or even to make ends meet, without prodigious planning and work.

Month by month, as *Sunshine* subscription lists grew, and as the publication required more and more of Henrichs' time, he found himself with less time to devote to his brokerage business. Consequently, his income suffered, and *Sunshine* alone was not capable of paying its own expenses and at the same time supporting his family. There must be some way to make *Sunshine* pay! If there were not, he would have to abandon it, and devote all of his time to the brokerage business.

As time went on, however, he was falling more deeply in love with *Sunshine*, and dreaded the day when he would be forced to discontinue publication. His whole life, in a few short months, had become wrapped up in it. It had taken possession of his soul; and the idea which had originated as a whim of the passing moment now had become the "magnificent obsession" of his life.

His wife, too, had by this time lost herself in *Sunshine*. The first issue had been solely the result of Henry's effort, but with succeeding issues, Winifred Henrichs had become involved, helping with correspondence and with addressing, and even becoming an avid collector of informative and

inspirational items which would worthily serve her husband's ideals and purposes. As the project grew, she became her husband's co-worker in every sense of the word, and has remained so to the present day. For years she has been the research editor for *Sunshine*, collecting clippings and articles for eventual adaptation, verifying historical dates and facts, and building up a voluminous file of maxims, epigrams, humor, and human interest.

After two years of publication, the *Sunshine* subscription list reached three thousand. Henrichs, unable to support his family adequately and to continue his hobby, was faced with one of the most difficult decisions of his life. With deep regret that he felt compelled to abandon *Sunshine Magazine*, at last, with a breaking heart, he decided to write to Elbert Hubbard II, proposing arrangements to complete *Sunshine's* subscription list with a similar inspirational magazine which had succeeded *The Philistine*, made famous and successful by the first Elbert Hubbard. He resolved, however, first to lay his decision before Winifred.

Henrichs felt that *Sunshine* had been a good idea, and that it still possessed the potentialities for success. Nevertheless, he had to face the practical issues in the matter. If it were going to require so much of his time that his sale of newspaper properties was imperiled, he must step out from under the burden. Ironically, the sunshine that he had so enthusiastically sent forth into the lives of others was now flooding his own heart with deep shadows. He would be nothing but a despicable hypocrite if he continued to peddle optimism and hope while his own life was becoming mired in pessimism and defeat.

True, when he launched the little magazet, he had never dreamed that he would ever have even as many as the three thousand subscribers, but, after all, he had not planned it

originally as a publication for which subscriptions would be received—it was to be merely a vehicle for the goodwill publicizing, in a unique manner, of his newspaper brokerage business. Indeed, even with the first issue, it had appeared that the hope, optimism, cheer, and faith which were inherent in its contents were highly contagious, and soon people had begun to “catch” the spirit of the thing and to clamor for larger doses. Before he realized it, he had a growing subscription list, but costly to maintain, and a serious drain on his resources.

Now, however, he had been forced to concede that his agreement to accept subscriptions from people other than actual or potential clients of his brokerage service had been an unfortunate one. *Sunshine* was not bringing in financial returns commensurate with the cost of producing it. He had reached the decision that it would be wise to unload the burden before it swamped him. The Roycrofters probably would take over *Sunshine*, and Henrichs could become active again as a full-time operator in newspaper properties.

Incredulously, Winifred Henrichs listened to her husband. With his lifelong abundant store of optimism, she had never believed that he would give up. She was happy in helping her husband pursue a star. What did it matter if, for a time, they encountered difficulties, so long as the ideal was in view ahead of them, beckoning them onward toward a challenging goal? Now, Henry's star had fallen, and his ideal had become obscured in the fog of life's crowding, everyday necessities. She could not believe it!

With a look of astonishment upon her lovely face, she gasped: “Henry, do you mean that we must give up *Sunshine*?” » »

“Yes, Winnie, that seems to be the only thing that we can do. I don't want to give it up, but we have to live;

and it isn't right for you and the children to have to do without things that you could enjoy if I could utilize all my time as a newspaper broker."

Looking at her husband in silence for a long minute, Winifred at last pleaded: "Henry, don't do it! Don't give up *Sunshine*! At least, not yet! We can carry on some way. If there are three thousand people who are willing to pay one dollar for the little *Sunshine*, when they can get the big *Ladies' Home Journal* for one dollar, there must be something in it they want—and can't get elsewhere."

Then, placing her hands upon her husband's shoulders, and drawing him close to her, she spoke again, with sobs in her voice: "Henry—don't let the Roycrofters have *Sunshine*! There must be—some way—we can—carry on!"

Well, Winifred won.

VIII

Turn That NO Around And Go ON



As Henry F. Henrichs slowly climbed the stairs and unlocked the door to his small, crowded, downtown office in Litchfield, he was busy with his thoughts. In the secret, innermost recesses of his heart he hoped that Winifred was correct in her surmise that there was some way to carry on. He had become deeply attached to *Sunshine*, and he loved the work involved in its compilation and publication. He was actually happy that Winifred had thwarted his decision to abandon it. *There would be some way to carry on!*

Closing his door against interruptions, he sat down at his desk with a prayer on his lips and a problem in his heart. If three thousand people were willing to buy *Sunshine* on a subscription basis, and if hundreds of them had written notes of commendation for the little magazet, then there must be something more than a hobby in the idea. There must be something in it to capitalize. But how? He would not leave his office until he had found a solution!

As the hours passed, and Henrichs recalled to mind the enthusiasm with which *Sunshine* had been received on every hand, a possible plan began to form in his mind. If there were three thousand subscribers so enamored with *Sunshine*—. He had it!

He would offer the message of *Sunshine* to business and professional men as a means of friendly contact with patrons and potential patrons! An unlimited field! And an unlimited opportunity to spread the sunshine of the magaget!

Such a plan might work—must work, Henrichs concluded. It would be slow getting underway, no doubt, for there would be the problem of "selling" businessmen on the idea of buying such revolutionary advertising matter. Most companies were concerned only in aggressive, high-pressure advertising which emphasized again and again the virtues of the particular product or service they had to sell.

Henrichs had long contended that such advertising was in danger of defeating its own purposes. Every firm stressed belligerently the superiority of its own products or services, until readers of advertisements were sickened by the exaggerated claims. Why could not firms be persuaded to try a new method—a house organ that would make reader-interest dominant? It could give the human touch, and bring pleasant reading to their clients, while at the same time convey a bit of wholesome and unobjectionable information about their wares or services, amid the pleasant surroundings of uplifting reading matter. Henrichs recalled that even the little old modest *Tale End* had stirred stern, double-fisted newspapermen to friendliness and action!

What was he waiting for? He would at once start a series of "cheeriodicals." Couldn't find the word in the dictionary, but nevertheless, he would use it.

With hope in his heart, and with a new spring in his step,

Henrichs went home to share his idea with his Winifred. This did not mean, he told her, that he would be publishing several magazines; but rather, the regular contents of *Sunshine* would be utilized, with the front and back to be individualized to meet the requirements of the sponsors. And it would be an *exclusive* goodwill advertising service.

The longer they talked it over, the more Winifred and Henry believed that this new idea would prove to be the solution of their problem. True, within itself, the plan would not increase the profit derived from *Sunshine*, but perhaps the proceeds from the sale of the goodwill advertising would enable them to continue publishing *Sunshine* until it became self-sustaining.

Realizing that businessmen like to be able to visualize, or to see in tangible form exactly what they may expect to receive for their advertising expenditures, Henrichs set to work to select a few business concerns with which he would make his first contacts. With extreme care he chose eight firms, all in different lines of business, and all located in Illinois or in neighboring states. He then carefully compiled some advertising matter for each firm, and had it printed on the blank front and back covers, along with the firm's name and address.

Equipped with these attractive little messengers of goodwill, he contacted the business firms, and offered to supply each with a specified number of copies for distribution, free of charge for six months. He certainly could not afford such a bold offer, but to make it and to carry it out would prove to the firms that he had the utmost faith in what he was doing, and that he was willing to back his idea to the limit. Neither then nor later did he ever employ high-pressure methods. Each client simply has an opportunity to examine the goodwill advertising materials offered, and

makes his own decision as to whether he will utilize such materials in creating friends for his business.

Henrichs rejoiced to learn that six of the eight firms were willing to try his goodwill publication. They had some doubts as to its effectiveness, although they liked the contents of the magazet. These businessmen would have to prove to themselves that this new method of advertising was more effective in public relations than was the old method of aggressive, high-pressure salesmanship. Anyway, six of them were willing to undertake the experiment. After all, it would cost them nothing if they were not convinced.

Long before the six months' trial period had ended, Henrichs was receiving enthusiastic reports from his six clients who had accepted his offer. Their own customers who were receiving the magazet each month were voluble in their praise of the little booklet, and there was ample evidence that the magazet was winning new friends for their businesses. So enthusiastic were these six companies that they all insisted on paying for the service at once, since they were already convinced of its worth to them.

Thus it appeared, by the end of 1925, that *Sunshine* could be saved, and Henrichs no longer entertained any thought of discontinuing its publication. Henry and Winifred Henrichs were happy once more. Their financial hurdles were in the process of being surmounted, and it appeared that they might attain security as well as happiness.

When he launched his goodwill publications, Henrichs became a pioneer in a new field. Within a few years he was to become known as the leading purveyor of goodwill advertising, as well as the most eminent "sunshine salesman."

By 1933, the Sunshine Publicity family had expanded to four distinct monthly publications: there was *Rays of Sunshine*, a 32-page booklet, replete with inspiration for the

whole family; *Highways of Happiness*, another 32-page magazet representing the interests of a large steel corporation; *Joys of Life*, a 16-page business publication; and *Friendly Chat*, an eight-page deluxe publication. All of these were familiarly referred to by the compiler and publisher as "cheeriodicals" because of their cheerful message of hope and optimism. Since then, a fifth publicity magazet, *The Villager*, has been added, also several exclusive editions.

The firms which utilize Sunshine Publicity have received thousands of letters of commendation from their clients and customers who enjoy reading the "cheeriodicals." Many of these letters find their way into the Sunshine archives.

Titles indicated above for the five members of the Sunshine Publicity family are the titles given them by their compiler and publisher, and are not necessarily the titles under which they are distributed as goodwill advertising. For instance, the booklet widely distributed to optometrists—who are among the generous users of Sunshine Publicity—is, in some instances, called *The Optimism of an Optometrist*; whereas *Along the Way* is the title selected by many funeral directors. Every user of Sunshine Publicity has the privilege of selecting his own title for the publication which he orders for distribution. The Henrichs name does not appear on the Sunshine Publicity magazets, hence they become the exclusive property of the sponsors. Many of the sponsors are proud of the impression given locally that the magazet is of their own creation.

While the personnel of the Henrichs organization in their travels over the country make acquaintance calls on clients, it is said that a large per cent of the users of Sunshine Publicity have never met face to face with the Henrichs personnel. Yet many of these have used the service from two to three decades.

It soon became apparent that Henrichs had conceived a plan which would prove successful—not only in financial returns, but also in happiness and in peace of mind for the originator of the idea. Now he could devote his life to doing work that he loved to do—and be well paid for it!

By 1930, only six years after the initial issue of his publication, he closed his brokerage agency, and prepared to devote himself exclusively to *Sunshine Magazine* and its flourishing offsprings. By 1934, there were eighty-five users of Sunshine Publicity magazines, and the many thousands of copies of the "cheeriodicals" issued each month were creating goodwill for their subscribers from coast to coast.

If Henrichs, in those days, ever thought of the maxim that he had coined for the October, 1925, issue of *Sunshine*, he silently must have voiced his thanks to "Percy Vere," who had brought him, within a few short years, through the threshold of success.

He must have thought, too, of the faith and determination of his wife Winifred, who pleaded with him in the dark days to continue with *Sunshine*, for she was certain that the shadows soon would lift, and that a silver lining would tinge the clouds with radiance and hope. She was willing to endure hardships and privations, because she herself had become possessed by the ideals that first had motivated her husband. When he momentarily lost his optimism and was willing to sacrifice his dream because of the pressure of financial difficulties, Winifred's optimism and faith were stronger than ever; and she it was who inspired him with the courage to "go right on working."

It is no wonder, then, that today, a third of a century later, Henrichs often says that his wife and his children, and the loyal workers who have maintained his ideals through the years, are responsible for any success that may

have come his way, and for any merit that may have resided in what the world mistakenly credits to him.

When success began to come to him, Henrichs again relived his dream as never before—the dream that he might “live for something,” that he might make the world a happier place through his optimistic philosophy of cheer and hope, that he might chase away some of the clouds of life and let sunshine stream from a sky that had been darkened and lowering. This was his hope, his mission—his very life! And he was happy!

His happiness came largely from the realization that he was bringing cheer and hope to others, as authenticated by the flow of letters that came from readers of *Sunshine* and of the goodwill advertising magazines. He was then, and has continued to be, a firm believer in the Scriptural maxim that bread cast upon the waters will return to the one who set it afloat. So it was that, in the June, 1927, issue of *Sunshine*, Henrichs prominently displayed the epigram: “Happiness is very sticky stuff; you can’t spread even a little bit of it without getting some on yourself.”

His happiness came, too, from the realization that, for him, defeat was retreating and victory was approaching. Out of the stinging rebuke of failure, success was slowly being fashioned. “God has been good to us,” he said then; and his faith has never faltered.

But the brilliant future that was appearing on the horizon could not be attained without effort. Henrichs still remembered his ten commandments of success: “Work . . . Work . . . Work . . .”

Perhaps he was thinking of himself and of his recent despondency when he formulated the following maxim for the *Sunshine* cover for February, 1926:

“Turn that NO around and go ON!”

IX

The Dream of The House of Sunshine



WHEN Garth Henrichs graduated from Eureka College, located at Eureka, Illinois, in the spring of 1925, he planned to spend his summer in Litchfield, working with his father in the "sunshine business." The work was in its early stages then, only a year and a half old; and there was much to be done to further establish the venture. Perhaps, with Garth's help, Henry Henrichs could devote more time to his brokerage agency. In the fall, though, Garth intended to return to college for postgraduate work in business administration and advertising.

During his first summer with *Sunshine Magazine*, Garth succumbed to the contagion of the underlying ideals which motivated the business, and soon was wrapped up, heart and soul, in the venture—so much so that he remained in Litchfield, and never began his postgraduate work in college.

Garth recalls that, during the years of 1926 and 1927,

he and his father worked hard, "plugging away, trying to get things on their feet." There were many contacts to be made, both personally and through the mails; and Garth soon assumed the major responsibility for the little firm's public relations. When *Sunshine* Publicity was launched, there was constant need for traveling and writing in an effort to present the values of such an advertising medium to businessmen who might become subscribers to the service.

Garth remembers that he "was led into the *Sunshine* business by the force of circumstances." He had received training in printing by his father since he was twelve years old. His father had provided Garth with a small printing plant, very much like that which his mother had provided for him many years before. Garth had supplied his business friends and his church with many pieces of printing, with his unique imprint, PRINTEDBYGARTH. He had been the editor of the campus weekly newspaper while he was in college, and served for a year as business manager of the college "Annual." He soon felt that he would like to devote his life to *Sunshine*, and his father was happy to have him as an assistant » »

The work was compelling, challenging, and inspiring; and it brought out the best of one's innate abilities. So, Garth became the third "victim" to succumb to the contagion of *Sunshine*, his parents having been the first two victims. Soon other members of the family would be captured by the "virus" of goodwill that emanated from the offices where *Sunshine* was produced.

In June, 1928, when Garth was married to Miss Madge Coleman, of Peoria, Illinois, a former classmate at Eureka College, his happiness was complete. He established his own home, and he was busily engaged in a work that challenged and inspired him.

Then, less than a year later, in February of 1929, tragedy threatened. For some time, Henry Henrichs had been anxiously observing his son, and was deeply concerned to notice that Garth had developed a sickly pallor and was slowly losing weight. When questioned, Garth would shrug his shoulders and say that he was feeling well, except that he always seemed to be tired and lacking in energy. One day, when they were in conference, Henry asked his son, "Garth, will you do me a favor?"

"Why, of course, Dad, if I can."

"Will you go to the doctor and have a complete physical examination?" » »

Startled, Garth exclaimed: "Why should I do that?"

"Oh, just because I want you to."

When Garth had his examination, the verdict was not encouraging. There were spots on his lungs, and the doctor informed him that he had developed a potential case of tuberculosis. He must have complete rest for six months. Regretfully he agreed to abide by the doctor's orders. His wife Madge helped to carry on for him in the office. When the six months were past, it became apparent that Garth was not yet ready to resume his duties; and not until June of 1931, after more than two years of convalescence, was he permitted to do any work at all. Then, for a while, he worked only half days, gradually taking on his full load of responsibility as he regained his strength and health. Today he is the manager of the Publications division of the Henrichs organization.

Garth's misfortune meant that his father had to work even harder in order to carry on the growing business. It also was responsible for bringing another member of the Henrichs family into the venture.

When she heard of Garth's illness, Maud Henrichs, a

niece, who was pursuing graduate study in art and music at the University of Chicago, and who had for a number of years made her home with Henry and Winifred Henrichs, wrote that she was coming home. "Why?" asked her uncle. She replied, with her characteristic frankness, "Because you need me, and because I want to come!"

Although her uncle protested that she should continue her studies, and that he would manage somehow during the present emergency, Maud did come home and immediately became the art editor for *Sunshine* and for the goodwill publications. In those days, however, the term "art editor" was a misnomer, for she did the actual art work herself, designing covers and making drawings for the various publications each month. Henrichs was a firm believer that not only should the contents of his publications be inspiring, but they should possess beauty and esthetic values in physical appearance, as well. Maud shared her uncle's passion for the beautiful and the inspiring, and eagerly began her work. In addition to becoming the staff artist, she also was the bookkeeper, and did some of the editorial work.

She had had training and experience which ably prepared her for her functions on the *Sunshine* staff. Having studied art and music in Pasadena and Los Angeles, California, before undertaking graduate study at the University of Chicago, she dreamed of being a foreign missionary for the Disciples of Christ. Earlier, she had graduated from Eureka College, where she had taken courses that would prepare her for the mission field. When she made her application, however, she was not recommended for foreign service because of a throat condition which might be aggravated by an alien climate. Instead, she went to the Southern Christian Institute at Edwards, Mississippi, a mission school

for Negroes maintained by the Disciples. Here she taught for four years before going to Chicago to study, and then to Litchfield to work.

When Maud is in a reminiscent mood today, she is likely to make the comment, with characteristic humor, "I joined up with *Sunshine* away back in the beginning—in the days of Noah and the ark!" Actually, she did not intend to become a permanent member of the *Sunshine* staff; she was only helping out in a time of emergency. Her heart still was set on mission work, either national or foreign; and she hoped to dedicate her life to the service of her church.

But the contagion of *Sunshine* soon claimed her as its victim, also; and she succumbed without a struggle. After all, *Sunshine* offered her the opportunity of establishing a wholesome and happy career for herself; and through its pages, and those of the *Sunshine* magazines, she could help to influence thousands of people. With no regrets, she soon decided that the spreading of sunshine would become her mission in life.

Maud soon demonstrated her ability and acumen in her work, and became manager of the *Sunshine* Private Press. She is an accomplished musician, as well as a commercial artist. Through her efforts, The House of *Sunshine* was equipped with a concert electric organ, a Steinway piano, and a professional amplifying sound system.

When Maud joined the staff in 1929, Henrichs and two girls constituted the entire office force, with Madge, Garth's wife, working part-time during his illness. Everyone was busy. The subscription list for *Sunshine* was steadily growing, and new clients were ordering *Sunshine* Publicity. The future appeared bright, indeed.

Even in these early years, as he surveyed the cramped quarters in which his staff worked, in the drab, unattractive,

rented rooms, Henry F. Henrichs began to entertain another dream. Some day, the Lord willing, he would erect a building of his own—a spacious, beautiful structure which would be worthy of the lovely booklets and the inspiring thoughts that would flow from its portals into all the world.

Perhaps he would call it The House of Sunshine!

X

The Magic of The Sunshine Salesman



WHEN Henry F. Henrichs heard of five prospects on the Atlantic Coast who might be interested in subscribing to Sunshine Publicity, he said to his son Garth, "Let's hop into our old Ford coupe and go see those prospects personally." Garth agreed, and soon they were on their way eastward.

In the office of one of these prospective clients, they were delighted when he gave them the finest order for Sunshine Publicity that they had received up to that time. Then he inquired of them, "This will get us new business?"

Henrichs replied: "This is goodwill advertising; if goodwill creates new business, yes, it will."

A bit puzzled by the whole matter, the businessman mused, "But you go out and *sell* it!"

Driving back to Litchfield, Henrichs and Garth entered into a detailed discussion of the comment made by their new client. They were somewhat concerned by his reaction,

and carefully analyzed their own purposes and methods in connection with their line of goodwill advertising. Their new client had posed a valid question: If Sunshine Publicity was designed to increase a firm's volume of business, why did they not utilize it in promoting their own services? In other words, why didn't they practice what they preached?

Henrichs and Garth returned home resolved to sink or swim on the merits of the publicity service they were espousing. They would be consistent, and if it did not build their own business, they would not fool themselves nor anyone else any longer.

Thus came into being *The Better Way*, a modest eight-page goodwill publication somewhat less pretentious than some of the other magazines produced. From that time on through the years, *The Better Way* has been the only "salesman," but a tactful one, to be sure, employed to promote Sunshine Publicity. It has demonstrated that the Henrichs theory of advertising is sound and highly effective. It built The House of Sunshine. Now, if anyone asks, "Will this get us new business?" Henrichs nods his head firmly, and smiles. *He knows it will.*

Sponsors of the Sunshine goodwill "cheeriodicals" do not enter into a contract, and do not agree to utilize the publicity for any specified length of time. They may stop the service at any time, although few of them ever do. As Henrichs often phrases it: "If we have faith in people, people will have faith in us. Our clients have to want our service, or we don't want their money." The integrity of the Henrichs firm is such that clients have complete trust and confidence that the materials incorporated into their advertising mediums will be wholesome, inspiring, and in no way incompatible with their business ethics.

During the thirty-three years since the inauguration of

Sunshine Publicity, more than a thousand business firms have availed themselves of this revolutionary type of good-will advertising. There are many on the current list who have been clients from twenty to thirty years. Interestingly enough, the first subscriber to the service is still a user of Sunshine Publicity.

In a large battery of filing cabinets in the mailing room of The House of Sunshine one may inspect the interesting publications produced for the current list of clients. In this list are colleges, private schools, funeral directors and morticians, optical companies, optometrists, bridge and culvert manufacturers, rubber and tire companies, printing establishments, cemeteries, photographic studios, real estate agencies, welding companies, department stores, office supply houses, steel manufacturers.

Others are pharmaceutical companies, music companies, manufacturers of caskets and burial vaults, phonograph manufacturers, bridge construction firms, tank and pipe makers, insurance agencies, marble and granite works, savings and loan associations, warehouse and storage companies, producers of electrical supplies, bottled drink firms, mattress manufacturers, producers of office records and indexes.

Also, there are makers of church furniture, coal companies, advertising agencies, jewelry companies, dental laboratories, candy manufacturers, dairies, clothing manufacturers, grain companies, iron foundries, tool manufacturers, manufacturers of oil field tools and equipment, florists, chiropractors, banks, aluminum companies, hardware firms, manufacturers of ceramic supplies, makers of office equipment, cement companies, and others.

Even surgeons and doctors of medicine distribute Sunshine Publicity magazines, believing that professional ethics permits them to promote friendly public relations.

In the archives of The House of Sunshine are hoards of vivid expressions bearing testimony to the satisfaction experienced by users of the Sunshine Publicity service, which, if here published, would cause this volume to appear a propaganda catalog. However, an interesting and impartial evaluation of the Sunshine type of advertising, appearing editorially in *The Inland Printer*, is here quoted in part:

An industrious producer of syndicated house-organs is The Henry F. Henrichs Publications, Litchfield, Illinois. Specializing in house-organs . . ., this concern has devoted its entire attention to the preparation and printing of its various publications and "epigram" postcards used as enclosures. Henrichs calls its service "Sunshine Publicity," and in its own advertising states that "it is not just ordinary advertising—it is of the better, exclusive kind, designed to specific requirements by competent editors, typographers, and printers, and put together by a happy, contented organization." Part of this contentment, no doubt, derives from the fact that some forty different lines of business and professions [in 1937] make use of Henrichs publications. Some of the titles: *Rays of Sunshine*, *Friendly Chat*, *Neighborly Thoughts*, *Along the Way*, *Joys of Life*. . . some are four pages, some contain as many as thirty-two. The inspirational type of essay is featured; editorials are interspersed with poetry and short quotes. Obviously, there is a wide field for this type of pabulum, and Henrichs presents it unflinching and with notable typographic charm. It is interesting to observe that the company depends largely on its own house-organ, *The Better Way*, for the promotion of its services. It brings in the business, sells the goods. 'Nuff said.

XI

Making Dreams Come True



EARLY issues of *Sunshine Magazine* and of the goodwill publications were produced under adverse circumstances and mechanical difficulties. Heinrichs had the type set at the local newspaper office; he himself designed each issue and made up the forms for printing, and sometimes assisted in the setting of type; and then lugged the heavy metal forms to a job printer in Litchfield, who did the actual printing. In the office, in the early days, was one helper, who stapled the covers on the booklets, and did the addressing and mailing.

For a few months the printing was done in Litchfield, but neither the local newspaper plant nor the job printer was equipped to handle the job efficiently and expeditiously. One issue was produced in a Springfield, Illinois, plant, and then several numbers were produced by a printer in Galesburg. Before long, however, this company informed Heinrichs that it could not handle any further issues for him.

He went to a St. Louis printer and arranged for the publication of the magazines. This man proved to be unreliable.

One day, on the streets of St. Louis, Henrichs was walking along deep in thought. He had come to the city to read proof on the current edition of *Sunshine*, and found that the printer had not even started to set the type. Picking up the material for the issue, he severed his relationship with the printer and walked out of the office, carrying the material with him. What could he do now? The magazine must be in the mail within two weeks, and it wasn't even set in type! » »

Walking past the large St. Louis plant of the Christian Board of Publication, he had a sudden inspiration. Perhaps *they* could help him out in this emergency! Entering the office, he asked for the superintendent, Walter J. Taylor, and soon was telling his troubles into Taylor's sympathetic ear. The little magazine had to be out in two weeks. Could the Christian Board print this issue to help Henrichs out of his present difficulty? And could Taylor give him an estimate of the cost?

After thumbing through the copy, Taylor made an unexpected proposition: "You are a printer, aren't you? Then why don't you make out your own bill?"

Surprised, Henrichs agreed to the unusual procedure, and returned to Litchfield, confident that the magazine would be produced efficiently, and on time. When he received the printed copies, he made out an invoice as though he himself had done the work for a customer, attached his check, and sent it off to the Christian Board. His calculation of the cost was approved. He was so well pleased with the appearance of this issue of *Sunshine* that he inquired whether the Board would continue the work. They would, replied Mr. Taylor » »

Since May, 1927, until the present time, the Christian Board of Publication has set the type for and printed every issue of *Sunshine*, and of the several related Sunshine Publicity magazines, plus numerous other special booklets and promotional literature. There has never been a contract. Until 1945, Henrichs continued to make out his own invoices for the monthly printing bills, allowing for increases in the cost of labor and materials; and his figures always were accepted by the Board. In that year, however, Garth asked his father one day, "Aren't we rather foolish to take time to make out these bills?" Perhaps so, agreed Henrichs; he would write to Mr. Taylor and suggest that the Board process their own invoices. Taylor agreed.

The informal, friendly, enduring relationship between Henrichs and the Christian Board of Publication is another significant indication of the faith and mutual trust which the Henrichs organization has built into all of its transactions with others. Careful to maintain only the highest principles of integrity and business ethics, Henrichs believes that others will do likewise. His faith and trust in mankind have not been misplaced » »

The high ideals of the business are reflected in the two symbols which have long been utilized by the Henrichs firm: Ganymede for *Sunshine Magazine*, and the Town Crier for Sunshine Publicity. Ganymede was the legendary shepherd boy of ancient Grecian mythology who, because of his idealism, integrity, and virtue, was taken from the earth to live with the gods. He made his first appearance on the front cover of *Sunshine* in April, 1925, and has appeared at frequent intervals in all of the years since that date. He often is pictured with the shepherd's staff in one hand and holding a lamb in the other, while sheep browse in the grass about his feet.

Since January, 1950, Ganymede has appeared on every *Sunshine* cover. Many of the early Ganymedes were depicted as artists who had set up their easels in the countryside and were engaged in painting tranquil pastoral scenes, or views of The House of Sunshine. In recent years both Ganymede and some representation of The House of Sunshine have been featured on every month's cover of *Sunshine*.

Ganymede is an appropriate symbol for *Sunshine* because his virtues and his idealism are reflected in the inspirational contents of the magazine. So familiar has Ganymede become to readers of *Sunshine* that many of them who visit The House of Sunshine look about them inquiringly, and finally ask, "Where is Ganymede?" They may be surprised to learn that he existed only in mythology; but they may find many portraits of him throughout The House of Sunshine—in wall paintings, in art-glass panels, and in wood carvings.

The Town Crier, on the other hand, represents a modern adaptation of the town criers of older days and is symbolic of the direct human contact portrayed in the Sunshine Publicity service. Before the existence of newspapers and radios, the Town Criers walked briskly through the towns of Europe and of early America, ringing their bells to attract the attention of the populace, and cried in loud voices the latest news of the town or of the world, plus the wares of their local sponsors. Thus Sunshine Publicity magazines, with their Town Crier symbol, attract attention and gratifying response from readers for the firms which distribute the "cheeriodicals" » »

At the centennial celebration of the city of Litchfield in 1953, representations of the Town Crier and of Ganymede appeared in person in behalf of The House of Sunshine.

Within the past twenty-five years, the format of *Sunshine Magazine* has undergone little change, except for the addi-

tion of a number of preliminary and final pages, set in smaller type and designed in two columns. The material in the 32-page text section, however, has been altered to some degree. Whereas for the first several years, the entire contents of *Sunshine* represented selections from miscellaneous sources or articles re-written with permission from other publications, in later years a major portion of the contents has consisted of original contributions to *Sunshine* for which payment is made to the authors.

This policy of accepting brief, original manuscripts grew out of the fact that many authors began to submit their materials, even before *Sunshine* began to utilize such offerings. In justice to the writers, the editorial staff would read the manuscripts thus submitted, and found some of them so outstanding, and so profoundly in agreement with the philosophy of *Sunshine*, that they began to purchase some of the unsolicited manuscripts. Now, manuscripts have become so numerous that many of them must be rejected, not necessarily for lack of merit, but because of the stringent space limitations » »

In 1951, an innovation introduced in *Sunshine* proved to be highly popular. In that year, the magazine began to include the addresses of authors whose original manuscripts were accepted for publication in *Sunshine*. Somewhat to the surprise of the staff, this practice has been enthusiastically acclaimed by both readers and authors. Some authors, pleased by the reader response to their efforts in *Sunshine*, have asked, "Why don't other magazines encourage readers to correspond with authors?" Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that other magazines lack the personal touch, the human interest, the concern, the high principles, the idealism, and the intimate, wholesome philosophy which have characterized *Sunshine* from its beginning.

Another innovation, which, so far as is known, is not used by any other magazine or book, is that of carrying forward to the foot of each right-hand page the first word which appears on the following page. By this simple method, the continuity of thought, as the page is turned, is more easily retained. Readers have declared this to be a unique and helpful idea.

Although, from time to time, subscribers have suggested that *Sunshine Magazine* be published more often, or that it be increased in size, it has purposely been kept small; and its five children—the “cheeriodicals” of the Sunshine Publicity family—are smaller still. Henrichs’ purpose in declining to increase the size of *Sunshine* is reflected in his quizzical comment: “It is better not to have enough of a good thing than too much!”

Many thousands of people, however, want this “good thing” regularly, and through the years. There are numerous readers of *Sunshine* who have been subscribers for a third of a century or more; and the first paid subscriber to *Sunshine*—Harvey W. Loy of Fresno, California, now in his late seventies—still receives it regularly, and has been, through the years, one of its staunchest supporters.

The cream of the crop are the hundreds of individuals who are life subscribers. When the subscription rate was one dollar per year, life subscriptions were offered for ten dollars. Later it became necessary to increase the rate. Life subscribers realize a number of special benefits, in addition to the lower annual rate, among which is the presentation of new special issues coming frequently from the Sunshine Private Press.

Thousands of letters are received annually from *Sunshine* readers, coming from the ends of the earth. Subscribers are found in most of the countries of the world. When

letters arrive that are written in Italian, Greek and a number of other languages, local members of the respective nationalities are called in to act as translators.

Among the most enthusiastic letters are those from foreign missionaries from the remote areas of the world. Years ago, Henrichs established the policy of sending *Sunshine* free of charge to any foreign missionary of any denomination who requested it. Today there are several hundred of these faithful workers who read and use *Sunshine*. They find it most helpful in their educational work, for, with its simple, unadorned literary style, not only is it valuable in the teaching of English, but at the same time it imparts the high ideals and standards of morality with which missionaries are deeply concerned.

Almost from the beginning, *Sunshine* has been made available to hospitals and penal institutions at one-half the regular subscription price. The amount of inspiration and hope which inmates derive from this little publication can never be calculated, but numerous testimonials received from both inmates and officials praise the worth of *Sunshine* in these places. Once Lewis E. Lawes, then warden of Sing Sing Prison, wrote to Henrichs, requesting more gift subscriptions to that institution, and added: "*Sunshine* is one of the few magazines which our prisoners are permitted to read."

Since the early years, *Sunshine* has been made available to subscribers as gift remembrances at Christmas time, and this practice of remembering their friends with *Sunshine* has become increasingly popular among the readers, until now more than 12,000 persons regularly enter gift subscriptions for their friends each year.

Other items that have become increasingly popular as gifts are the annual *Books of Sunshine*, which are 32-page anthologies of *Sunshine Magazine*, containing some of the

treasured gems from that publication; the permanent volumes of *Sunshine*, in which a year's issues are durably bound in beautifully grained green Fabrikoid with an undertone of red—lovely and inspiring treasures for the library; and the comprehensive list of "Sunshine Bookettes," which are attractive and unique booklets, classically designed and printed and each containing an inspiring story, a meditation, or selections of literary gems suitable for special remembrances at Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day, or any other time. In the "Bookette" series are more than three score individual titles.

From time to time, an accumulation of surplus copies of *Sunshine* and of other publications must be disposed of to provide storage room for current productions, and when this occasional "house-cleaning" occurs, off go free bundles of inspiration to prisons, hospitals, and other institutions, which receive them eagerly. When these shipments began going to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the warden wrote to Henrichs that he inspected the bundles meticulously, and that he was skeptical about letting any form of new reading material go out to the prisoners. It did not take him long, however, to recognize the worth of these particular publications, and he soon became one of the country's most enthusiastic and appreciative recipients of this service.

Excerpts from *Sunshine Magazine* are broadcast over the local radio station WSMI every morning at the breakfast hour in a period called "Moments of Sunshine." Jerry Mitchell, a professional broadcaster of Chicago, is the *Sunshine* radio editor. He is assisted by his talented wife Bonnie, illustrious in her own name. This program retains its interest year after year, and Jerry's resonant voice adds luster and popularity to the feature.

Once, when Henry F. Henrichs confided to a minister

that he had possessed youthful ambitions to become a missionary, the minister remarked, in all sincerity, "Why, you couldn't have done nearly as much good as a missionary as you are accomplishing through *Sunshine Magazine*!" And another minister commented: "You put Christianity into *Sunshine Magazine* without saying so." Such comments please Henrichs, for he is not interested in purveying any particular brand of religious belief—all that he wishes to do is to emphasize ideals and principles compatible with the Christian faith, and with the highest potentialities which mankind is capable of attaining.

And *Sunshine* does get around, often cropping up in the most unexpected places. For instance, *The Deseret News* of Salt Lake City, under the date of April 17, 1949, carried the following item in its regular feature, "Sight of the Week":

The traffic officer at Third South and Main Streets the other day was observed directing traffic with one hand and holding in the other a copy of *Sunshine Magazine*, at which he sneaked a peek every few minutes.

In England *Sunshine Magazine* has been enthusiastically received, and has won many friends and subscribers. In 1957 a movement was begun in Britain which will provide free copies of *Sunshine* and of the bound *Volumes of Sunshine* for placement in hotels, hospitals, prisons, old folks' homes, and holiday centers, as well as in other public places, in much the same manner as copies of the Bible have been placed by the Gideons. The movement is being spearheaded by Britons, who have organized "The Sunshine Magazet Circle" for this purpose, and assume full responsibility for financing this undertaking.

A true incident, illustrating the devotion to *Sunshine Magazine* in England, was reported by Reginald Richmond,

of Liverpool, now secretary of the Sunshine Magazet Circle:

"Some time ago," relates Mr. Richmond, "a friend of mine told me of a schoolmaster seriously ill in a hospital. He seemed to have no hope, and showed a rebellious spirit, evidently having lost any faith he ever had. I suggested that *Sunshine Magazine* might help, and sent a copy to the sick man. The effect was marvelous! He read and re-read it many times, and seemed thereby to get a new look on life.

"Last week after a lingering illness, the man died. A note left by him thanked the unknown friend who sent him the copy of *Sunshine Magazine*, which had brought peace to his mind, and requested that the copy be buried with him. This was done."

Rosa Page Welch, a world traveler and singer of international note, recently stated: "There are three things you see in all parts of the world, namely, Standard Oil, Coca-Cola, and *Sunshine Magazine*."

Every month *Sunshine* finds its way into the hands of many prominent persons. For instance, through the courtesy of Colonel Edward Davis, a member of the Sunshine Directorate, this magazet is received by every member of the United States Congress, as well as by the President and the members of his Cabinet.

In 1952, a Sunshine Directorate—an advisory council—was created for *Sunshine Magazine*. Men of renown in literary and public affairs were selected to comprise the Directorate. One of the prime movers in forming this council was George W. Olinger, originator of the famous Highlanders for boys, of Denver. However, since March 6, 1954, this humanitarian rests in the sacred Tower of Memories in Denver.

Another ardent advocate of the Sunshine Directorate was Russell Gordon Carter, of *Youth's Companion* fame, of

Boston. Mr. Carter authored the popular "Mr. Whatley" series for *Sunshine Magazine*, and later published the series in book form. The congenial relationship that existed between Mr. Carter and Mr. Henrichs is shown in the dedication of this book, which reads: "To Henry F. Henrichs of *Sunshine Magazine*, whose enthusiasm for these stories, along with his friendly editorial guidance, helped the author in the writing of them, this book is gratefully dedicated."

The charter membership of the Sunshine Directorate consisted of the following:

Russell Gordon Carter, author of more than fifty books, humanitarian; Boston, Massachusetts. (Deceased in 1957.)

Dr. Stephen J. Corey, administrator, educator, author, clergyman; Sacramento, California.

Colonel Edward Davis, retired army officer, author, world traveler; Chicago, Illinois.

Everett Wentworth Hill, business executive, poet, philosopher; Polson, Montana.

Paul S. Imamura, educator, writer; Tokyo, Japan.

George W. Olinger, humanitarian, man of affairs; Denver, Colorado. (Deceased in 1954.)

Wilferd A. Peterson, writer, publicist; Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Robert Sparks Walker, author, naturalist; Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Later additions to the Directorate:

Elbert Hubbard II, writer, successor of the famed Roycrofters; East Aurora, New York.

Hal W. Trovillion, writer, publisher, owner of the oldest private press in America; Herrin, Illinois.

Walter Shaw, publisher, humanitarian; London, England.

G. Stephen Krishnayya, publisher, educator; Poona, India.

Although *Sunshine Magazine* and its editors have never waved flags or marched in parades in behalf of any militant crusade, they have stood steadfastly through the years for

the highest and noblest virtues of life; they have emphasized integrity, character, friendliness, hope, faith, and a belief in God and country.

Today, Henrichs and his co-workers are enjoying amazing success as "merchants of goodwill." But the present tide of good fortune upon which they ride is no accident—it has come in to shore upon an ocean of dreams, upon a sea of hard work. The large volume of business transacted at The House of Sunshine is the result of dreams, hopes, perseverance, work. And of more!

Henrichs is free to admit: "God has been very good to us . . . I have never been interested in making money. I have worked hard, but it's been a joyous work. I haven't even thought of it as work at all—it's been my very life! . . . I like to be busy—creating, building. . . ."

And Garth adds: "We may not have been as aggressive and dynamic in selling our program as we could have been, and as others doubtless would have been in similar circumstances. But we have tried to enjoy life all along, and to help others enjoy it."

That they have admirably succeeded is readily apparent to anyone who visits the incomparable House of Sunshine, or who reads *Sunshine Magazine*. Their products are goodwill, happiness, inspiration; their objective, to be of service to others; their dream, to enhance the worth of human life; their ambition, to promote the good, the true, the beautiful.

They themselves are happy, busy people—happy because they are engaged in a work that is constantly thrilling and challenging; busy because they are bringing their dreams into fruition.

And all over the world are countless thousands whose lives have been touched and brightened.

For, you see, *Sunshine* is contagious!

PART TWO

A Place with Personality



*Buildings have personalities;
some by their immense dignity,
speak almost as music speaks,
and change anxiety to trust.*

—HENRY F. HENRICHS

XII

Where Sunshine Magazine Finds Life



Is there *really* a House of Sunshine?" This question recurred a number of times in correspondence to *Sunshine Magazine* during the year 1941, when the first pictorial representations of The House of Sunshine appeared, month by month, on the cover of *Sunshine*. The answer to the query is, of course, that there assuredly is such a place, and that it has been in existence since 1940. In the intervening years it has become a showplace, vying in popularity with the Lincoln shrine in Springfield.

Intermittently, after his unique business venture appeared to be securely established, Henry F. Henrichs entertained frequent dreams of creating a building symbolic of the character of the business.

One possibility presented itself when Henrichs received a letter from East Aurora, New York, advising that The Roycroft Shops were available for purchase. The Roy-

crofters, who had flourished under the dynamic leadership of the first Elbert Hubbard, were now facing disaster. The complete plant was offered at a sacrifice price. Henrichs, recognizing a possible opportunity, made a survey of the Hubbard properties. This appeared to be the opportunity of a lifetime. But Henrichs took a closer look.

The personality of the illustrious Fra Elbertus was indelibly imprinted throughout the Roycroft buildings, and Hubbard sayings were carved on almost every door panel and lintel. Beautiful and sacred and imperishable as all these were, if Henrichs procured this property for his own, he would constantly be living the life of Elbert Hubbard, rather than his own. It would be little short of ungrateful desecration of a great name and of a unique institution to attempt to obliterate these symbols. Henrichs denied himself the honor of owning the Roycrofters, but chose rather to pave his own way, and perhaps some day create an institution that, although needfully less pretentious, would embody his own concepts of usefulness and esthetic beauty in a functional setting.

He never had felt at home in the modest rented offices which he had occupied. First, there had been only one room, but an increasing volume of business necessitated his moving several times into larger quarters. Everywhere, though, the situation was the same—uninspiring walls; unsightly stairways; crowded conditions; nothing of beauty anywhere to nourish the innate artistic hungers.

One evening, after hours, Henrichs received a telephone call. "This is Mr. Lucas," said the resonant voice.

For the moment Henrichs could recollect only one Lucas—a user of the Sunshine Publicity service in Brooklyn, New York. "Is this Mr. Lucas of Brooklyn—and where are you, Mr. Lucas?" he asked.

"Yes—I am driving through and thought I would say 'Hello' to you, since we have had business relations for so long," was the cordial answer.

"Can you meet me at the Elks Club at 8 o'clock?" suggested Henrichs » »

"Yes."

The Elks Club was a central meeting place. And promptly at 8 Henrichs stood face to face with the handsomest and most striking man he thought he had ever met.

"Shall we go to my office for a chat, Mr. Lucas?" Henrichs volunteered, scarcely realizing what he was saying this hot, humid, August night. The office was on the second floor of a business building just across the city square.

Up the narrow, rickety stairs the two men climbed, and as the dingy door to the office swung open, a blast of hot air hit their faces.

Conversation was difficult. As the two men sat and talked, perspiration streaming down their cheeks, neither one ventured to remark that it was a "hot night"—it was all too self-evident. Henrichs may have seemed uncommunicative, but there was something rising within him. To bring a good client to such environs was intolerable!

Suddenly Henrichs thought of Lincoln, who, when he witnessed the slave market in New Orleans, declared that if he ever got a chance to hit that thing, he would hit it hard. And Henrichs, vexed by the discomforts all about, suddenly became endowed with the determination that if he ever got a chance to "hit this thing," he would hit it hard!

Henrichs got the chance! The delights of The House of Sunshine are the result, and no more Lucases need sit in embarrassing discomfort.

Through the slowly moving years, Henrichs spent ages of midnight hours indulging in dreams, sometimes sketching

on paper the rough outlines of his visions. He was adamant on the ideal from the very beginning: The House of Sunshine must be unique, beautiful, appealing, restful, colorful, functional! Indeed, were not these elements embodied in the publicity service he was endeavoring to create? The building must be the soul of light and joy. It must be a living, lilting thing, something that would give physical substance to his own dreams of beauty and stateliness.

Near the center of town was a little old house. Although unattractive, it was allowed to stand because it was a landmark, cherished by the older folk. Located directly on the way between the Henrichs home and his office, Henrichs passed the place daily. Looking beneath the grime and decay, he sensed this location to be ideal for his dream house, with beautiful gardens and fountains, and crowned with a structure that would challenge the pride of the community.

Henrichs made overtures for the purchase of the property. Now he was ready to do something about his dream. He had long since determined that The House of Sunshine, once it was constructed, must be designed along the classic lines—architecture for the ages. Futuristic designs, he thought, were but for the moment, not for the ages. He conveyed his ideas to Lloyd Wright, a great name in architecture. Wright came to Litchfield, stayed for some days, became acquainted with all the hopes and dreams that were being woven into the fabric of the proposed House of Sunshine, and then set to work. He came up with projected plans so strange to midwestern contractors, that construction plans had to be abandoned.

Finally came Frederick Monhoff, an artist-architect, from California. He began work with eagerness. At once Henrichs knew that he had found an architect who could spell out, in stone and wood and brick, the dreams that were so

poignant in Henrichs' own mind. All he had to do was to convey to Monhoff his thoughts and concepts, and Monhoff would give them form on his drawing board.

Countless features to be embodied in The House of Sunshine were original designs either of Monhoff or of Henrichs, for Henrichs himself was busily engaged with his own sketches and drawings. Together these men brought a dream of beauty into existence. The design of the building, as finally perfected, was to embody some of the features of classic English-Norman architecture, dating back to the tenth century, combined with an authentic early-American motif. It was to be as unusual and inspiring as the message of *Sunshine*, which soon would be disseminated far and wide from its classic halls.

It was not to be a large building, although with its print-shop and mailing rooms it would eventually extend the length of a city block.

The structural portion of The House of Sunshine was completed early in October, 1940, although, strange as it may seem, no mention was ever made in *Sunshine Magazine* of the fact that a House of Sunshine had been built. When the author called this fact to Henrichs' attention, along with an indication of surprise that such a momentous event as bringing The House of Sunshine into being had been allowed to go unnoted, Henrichs chuckled and commented, "I am surprised, too." This omission, however, is only another indication of the innate modesty and humility of this man. He has never been one to desire fame or credit or prestige for himself; and certainly he has never called attention to his own accomplishments, and has been embarrassed when others have noted them.

The early days and nights at The House of Sunshine were hectic ones. Attracted by the unique and beautiful

structure, crowds of people from Litchfield and from all the surrounding area thronged about the place, admiring its classic beauty and exploring the unequaled loveliness of its interior. And in the early evening, when music was broadcast into the city from the amplifying sound system in the upstairs studio, still greater crowds flocked into the area.

Many comments were made by bystanders concerning the unique architecture of the building. For the most part, these observations were commendatory, as many of the visitors beheld for the first time some semblance of classic architecture. The peculiar sway-backed roof, however, which was characteristic of the Norman design, came in for some good-natured ridicule by persons who were ignorant of its motif, and who thought that it represented a structural weakness. Typical of the many comments concerning the roof was the observation made by a visitor who stood out on the sidewalk scanning the edifice with a critical eye: "See that there roof? It's sunk a'ready!"

Not until the issue of March, 1941, was any acknowledgment made in *Sunshine Magazine* of the fact that a House of Sunshine had been constructed. Even then, no written comment was made about it, but the cover did carry the first representation of The House of Sunshine, depicting, in line drawings done in black, white, and green, the northwest corner of the building and a portion of the court in front, featuring the unique color fountain in operation immediately in front of the main entrance. The June issue in 1941 carried a complete cover drawing of the entire front of the structure, showing the surrounding trees and the massive stone gateposts giving entrance into the court and supporting the artistic, beamed, swinging gates.

Depicting the back and side views, showing the portion of the building housing the printshop and mailing rooms,

the July cover carried the first recognition of The House of Sunshine to appear in print in *Sunshine Magazine*. In small type on the cover appeared the unpretentious legend: "The House of Sunshine, where *Sunshine Magazine* finds life."

The November, 1941, issue carried on its cover an imaginary airview drawing of The House of Sunshine, showing a perspective of the entire building, surrounded by its lovely stone walls, shrubs, gateways, fountain, and pools. On the cover of the December issue, winter had come to The House of Sunshine. Snow was banked deeply on the roof, glistening icicles hung from the eaves, the frozen pools in the court gave mute testimony to the touch of winter, and a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree cast soft and colorful gleams from its luminous boughs onto the snowy expanse of the courtyard » »

In January, 1943, Henry F. Henrichs issued in *Sunshine Magazine* his first general invitation for readers to visit The House of Sunshine. Prior to that time, they had already been coming in large numbers, and their ranks would be swelled in succeeding years until thousands each year would enter through the Blue Door to marvel at the simple dignity and grandeur of the interior.

Since its erection in 1940, The House of Sunshine has stood on the main street of Litchfield as the showplace of the town, although its creator had no such purpose in mind in its construction. Untold thousands of visitors, including both the unknown and the famous, have entered the swinging gates of Sunshine Court, have walked leisurely along the meandering flagstone paths, and have toured the interior of The House of Sunshine, to leave inspired and uplifted by the sheer and simple beauty and dignity of the place. The exterior is a symphony in stone and color, whereas the interior is lilting poetry couched in wood and art glass.

Ten years after the building was constructed, Henry F. Henrichs wrote of his concept of The House of Sunshine, and of the philosophy which brought it into form:

I wanted to create a little Taj Mahal—a spot which would reach out in sheer beauty, through the charm of architecture and superb nature, to the people, to fill their souls and mine with the quiet, the repose, the life-giving influences of grace and goodwill. It was not to be a showplace, but rather the expression of my feelings for the grace and symmetry and loveliness of living and working in harmony with the highest law. I wanted to build a better way of life, and dedicate it to the proposition, now expressed in an epigram on its wall, that “He who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own.” In the flight of my fancy, nothing seemed impossible. Thongs of barriers that would tie me down to earth, broke like a spider’s web before my determination.

This decision was strengthened by an experience of mine that some are pleased to call “re-creating the lost art of friendship in business.” The greatest force in the world, aside from the divine power of God, is goodwill. Fortunately again, I was cast in an environ that enabled me to prove by trial the power of goodwill. This test made imperative the creation of a place symbolic of this idea. Incidentally, it gave me a wonderful opportunity to follow and carry out the injunction of my mother, “Henry, live for something!” Whenever one tries to live for something, somehow God reaches down in His loving might and makes the task a joyous blessing. And so, what you see is the result of a combination of influences, the greatest of which is the impelling power of goodwill among men.

Perhaps The House of Sunshine can validly be referred to as a “little Taj Mahal,” because of its lovely uniqueness, its simple symmetry, and its expression, in stone and glass and wood, of a noble philosophy of life. But, unlike the original Taj Mahal, The House of Sunshine is not a memorial to the dead, but a monument to a living ideal.

XIII

“Won’t You Come In?”



THE town of Litchfield, Illinois, is situated in the central sector of the state. Located on “America’s Main Street,” United States Highway 66, it is readily accessible by railroads and modern highways from all directions. Founded in 1853, it is a quiet, prosperous community of some 8,000 persons, located some sixty miles northeast of St. Louis and forty miles directly south of Springfield, Illinois. It is a small city of stately homes, built along well-kept, shaded streets. Its business section is unusually extensive and attractive for a town of Litchfield’s size.

This community is the trade center for a large, prosperous, rural area in which dairying and the growing of corn and soybeans are the principal sources of income. Although Litchfield has long been a modest industrial center, several new industries, recently established there, have increased the economic status of the little city and are attracting many new residents » »

The House of Sunshine is located on North State Street, the principal north-south thoroughfare, only one block north of the public square, in the center of which stands the Carnegie Public Library. Although there is no conspicuous sign identifying The House of Sunshine, you will almost certainly recognize it by its unique architecture and its colorful exterior—in marked contrast to the massive Victorian homes which surround it.

Readers of *Sunshine Magazine* are often surprised to discover that The House of Sunshine is located on a busy downtown thoroughfare, instead of in a quiet rural setting. *Sunshine* covers for many years have depicted The House of Sunshine in various surroundings, but always there has been the suggestion of rural quietude and pastoral tranquillity about the place. Usually it is depicted as surmounting a hill, surrounded by undulating meadows or by magnificent trees through which Ganymede and his sheep roam leisurely. These tranquil rural scenes are idealistic conceptions of the staff artist, and were never intended to convey a realistic representation of The House of Sunshine, although, in recent years, the pastoral scenes depicted on the covers have, for the most part, been portrayals of actual vistas in Sunshine Park, the future home of *Sunshine Magazine* and of the other Henrichs enterprises.

As we approach The House of Sunshine, I hope that you have plenty of time to examine the place in a leisurely manner and to absorb its atmosphere and loveliness; for the longer you linger, the more sunshine will fill your soul.

Whether you enter the courtyard through the main west gate or by the smaller south gate opening from the side street, you will note the simple dignity and beauty of the colorful, beamed gates swung from rugged stone pilasters. When you open these gates and enter the court, you im-

mediately sense that you have invaded another world. At once, you become oblivious to the bustling traffic on North State Street as the sheer loveliness of Sunshine Court possesses you. A juniper hedge, casually trimmed in an irregular pattern, borders the sidewalk along North State Street, whereas an artistic wooden fence, done in the same motif as the two swinging gates, forms the southern border of the property. Colorful flagstone pathways afford ingress into the court from each gateway; and a flagstone patio, flanked by a rugged stone wall and an old-fashioned well equipped with an old oaken bucket, emphasizes the southwestern corner of the building.

Flagstone walkways curve through informal plantings of many varieties of evergreen shrubs, some of them rare in this area. One of these paths pauses beside a rustic sundial which bears the thought-provoking inscription: "My face marks the sunny hours. What can you say of yours?" This was a gift from the employees of The House of Sunshine.

Two small pools, constructed at different elevations, constitute one of the principal centers of interest in the court.

Most of the time, the water in these pools is quiescent and untroubled; but on Sunday afternoons from three until five o'clock, and for an hour following sunset on Friday evenings from May until October, an electric water-change and color-change fountain "plays" in the upper pool, displaying its variegated and alternating sprays, some of which spiral high in the air. Fine sprays of mist rise slowly upward, then subside quietly, to be followed by several tall cascades of sparkling water, then by a single candle spouting a stream like a geyser in the center. During the twilight hour on Fridays, the fountain is gloriously illuminated with concealed lights that send their beams upward into the playful spray, alternating brilliant colors of red, blue, green,

and yellow, which transform the colorless water into a glorious mist of rainbow radiance.

After nearly twenty years, people still come to enjoy the playing fountain, to watch the soft rippling of the lights as they caress the fountain spray and lend their gorgeous hues to the overhanging fronds of a spreading mimosa. Once Maud Henrichs, strolling through the serene courtyard during a Friday evening twilight hour, just before the illumination was turned on, overheard a small boy remark to another as they stood on the sidewalk: "Here's where they turn on the colored water!"

As the fountain spirals its gossamer sprays into the air, the falling water, descending into the pool, causes the water level to rise. The overflow courses through a winding miniature gorge which traverses the central court until it merges with the lower pool. The water, as it flows through the gorge, turns the millwheel of a miniature replica of an old-fashioned gristmill erected on the bank of the gorge, in which, in the evening, the illumination changes color with the variations in hue of the fountain lighting. Colored light, shining through the tiny windows and doors of the mill-house, lends interest and beauty to the tranquil scene. A little farther along the way, a small lighthouse crowns a promontory overlooking the gorge, sending its beams of light over the rippling water and into the shadowy shrubs.

The water which flows through the wandering gorge eventually cascades over a small precipice into the lower pool, from which it is withdrawn by an underground pump which propels it through a conduit to the brink of a rugged rock rim overlooking the higher pool. Here, the water, flowing from underneath a majestic Norway spruce growing beside the pool, eddies downward over a fern-grown fall into the pool. At night, this fall is illuminated by a color-

change light. Thus the same water, kept continually circulating, supplies the fountain, ripples through the gorge and into the lower pool, and then is drawn again into the upper pool and through the fountain, thereby repeating its cycle every few minutes when the fountain is in operation.

During the Sunday-afternoon guest hour, and at the twilight hour on Friday evenings, music floats out over the courtyard and into the city from the upstairs studio in The House of Sunshine. Guests stroll through the court or tour the interior of The House to the inspiring strains of symphonic music, carillon renditions, or vocal selections, broadcast and amplified over a modern high-fidelity system. And sometimes, as a special treat, Maud Henrichs at the concert organ offers superb renditions of familiar hymns or classical selections.

Music floating quietly through the garden and through the interior corridors and suites serves to enhance the grandeur of the surroundings; and the rugged beauty of Sunshine Court, the simple elegance of the interior of the building, and the wafted tones of the world's great music combine to form an unforgettable mosaic of esthetic loveliness for the impressionable visitor to carry away with him on the easel of his mind.

In the early days, when The House of Sunshine was new, daily concerts were broadcast at the twilight hour, accompanied by the quiet, rainbow-hued cascades of the electric fountain, the turning of the millwheel, and the flashing of the lighthouse. Every evening large groups of people gathered in Sunshine Court to witness the unique and colorful display, and to listen to the "moonlight" music wafted through the garden by gentle breezes. In recent years, however, these twilight concerts are offered only on Friday evenings during the warmer season of the year, although

each day the aerosphere for blocks around The House of Sunshine is surcharged with the soft tones of "Day Is Dying in the West," to announce "The Call of Sunset." Sunday-afternoon concerts and open house, however, have been held every Sunday of every year since October, 1940. Persons who appreciate beauty in nature and grandeur in man-made creations seldom forget the experience of an evening or Sunday-afternoon concert at The House of Sunshine.

Even Henry F. Henrichs, who normally has little to say about his own attainments, becomes eloquent in describing the esthetic beauty of Sunshine Court, for which design he is largely responsible. He has written:

The garden and fountains and waterfalls, flooded at night by dissolving tinges from hidden lights, serve the esthetic need. Its music flows through the streets; its chimes and carillonic tones mark the fact that the fairest of the lights above has set once again.

In contrast to this rugged scene lies a beshrubbed lawn, meekly called "The Meadows," harboring an interesting variety of trees, shrubs, and evergreens, from the humble, prostrate Pfizer to the lofty Chinensis.

From any vantage point within the courtyard, one is ever conscious of the proximity of The House of Sunshine itself. Although the many large shrubs on the lawn, thronging the meandering flagstone pathways which lead hither and yon, may give to some the impression that Sunshine Court is overcrowded and too thickly planted, actually the total effect produced by the courtyard, with its shrubs, its fountains, and its inviting walkways, is one of Old-World loveliness which affords an ideal and compatible setting for The House of Sunshine, which nestles in quietude in the midst of arboreal splendor, accented by pools, fountains, flagstone paths, and the miniature mill and lighthouse.

To stroll through these placid paths, to revel in the beauty and fragrance of seasonal flowers, to gaze into the limpid waters of the pools, to watch the playful antics of the ever-changing fountain, and, in the darkening evening, to be transported into a rainbow-sprinkled fairyland—all of this is to know peace and tranquillity and quietude of soul.

Itself forming a lovely backdrop, The House of Sunshine lends stability to the somewhat ethereal magnificence of its adjacent gardens. Let us stand for a moment in "The Meadows" and survey the structure that lies before us.

Both unique and simple, yet peculiarly appealing in its architecture, The House of Sunshine is itself a thing of beauty from the outside, and a gem of sheer loveliness within. The solid, durable walls are fourteen inches in thickness, constructed of insulated cement and of specially made Pioneer brick, a subdued red in color, with beaded mortar joints. The roof, designed after the Renaissance pattern of the fifteenth century, is peculiarly sway-backed, and made of large early American clay shingles in variegated hues to harmonize with the walls.

At the southern apex of the building a large weathervane of original design rises from the crest of the roof. Made of wrought iron, the vane portrays a shepherd and his flock struggling against onrushing blasts of wind. This is Ganymede, the shepherd symbol of *Sunshine Magazine*, who is to be seen in many poses about The House of Sunshine.

At the northern extremity of the roof, a chimney rises above the roofline to balance with the weathervane at the opposite end. Constructed of brick, this chimney is surmounted by a capital made of brilliant-hued tile, on which rest two ornate chimney pots of typical European design. At its lower extremity, the chimney merges into a window which projects from the north wall of the building. Made

of three massive angular panels, this artistic window is constructed of innumerable bits of brilliantly colored imported art glass of irregular shapes and sizes. To be truly appreciated, this feature of the building must be viewed from within, with its colors softly diffused by the light of day.

Jutting outward from the forward slope of the roof is a series of eleven dormer windows set within a vertical half-wall, which affords only a hint of the spacious upstairs rooms within the steep incline of the sprawling roof. Between these windows, made of tiny panes of art glass, are colorful floral designs on the outer half-wall.

At the front of the building, below the eave, is a wide cornice in maroon color, on which is printed in classic lettering of varied colors, "The House of Sunshine," with the large, widely spaced letters continuing for the entire length of the front wall. Between the words appear other floral representations, which are repeated on the cornice in its extension around the northern and southern ends of the building. The high south gable, broken by a battery of small windows, carries an idealistic Byzantine design.

Spaced irregularly along the front wall are six electric lamps set into the brickwork. Both brackets and lamps are of original design, diffusing soft illumination through their amber-colored panels. At night, when these lights are glowing, and when concealed floodlights are bathing the wall in soft radiance, The House of Sunshine presents a striking nocturnal picture of unusual beauty.

There are four main entrances into The House of Sunshine—all with doors that are a brilliant blue in color. Opening into the north-south corridor is a doorway opposite the south gate into the grounds; whereas, on the front or western side of the building is the main doorway, near the northwest corner, which opens into the vestibule. Two

smaller doors, farther south, give entrance to the business and editorial suites. All of these doors are approached over flagstone pathways, and are flanked by patios made of the same material » »

Let us now approach the main entrance. At once we perceive that it is not an ordinary door. On either side, as tall as the doorway itself, are two life-sized cameo carvings in panels of solid oak, hand-carved by the famed Italian wood-carver, Victor Berlendis. As we stand before the door, the panel on our left depicts Ganymede the shepherd, with his staff in one hand and a lamb cradled in his other arm. All about him are his sheep, executed in fine detail; and with equal clarity are to be seen flowers and grass, while in the background, at the rim of the meadow, a number of trees spread their branches above the tranquil pastoral scene.

The other panel, to the right of the doorway, is dedicated to the Town Crier, who is depicted as walking through the streets of a town, ringing his bell and shouting the news of the day in true Old-World fashion, while at his feet frisks his dog. These exquisite wood carvings are worthy of note and careful study, for work of this character not only is difficult to execute, but is extremely rare in this age.

Beneath the draping fronds of a stately fir is a swinging sign near the main entrance. It bears the legend, in classic lettering: "The House of Sunshine. Visitors Welcome." The massive door itself, paneled and carved, and decorated with wrought-iron embellishments, has in its upper portion a series of miniature panels executed in exquisite art glass in radiant colors. And the door carries a cordial greeting and an invitation: "Welcome to the coming guest. Walk in."

Apparently, a warm welcome awaits us. Shall we go in?

XIV

A Fascinating Tour



As we push open the "blue door" that gives entrance into the small vestibule, we hear mellow strains of soft music. Although there is no perceptible tune, the melodious notes produce a pleasing harmony in our ears, and we look about in an attempt to discover the source of the musical salutation.

As we close the door behind us, we catch sight of the little Swedish door harp, with its tiny wooden balls striking its taut strings and producing the chords actuated by the movement incurred by the opening and closing of the door. The gentle tinkling of the harp affords a pleasing reception. This lovely custom of greeting callers with celestial musical tones originated in Sweden, where these magical door harps are made by hand, cut from fine birch wood, hand-decorated in floral designs, and exported to The House of Sunshine.

We find ourselves in a small vestibule whose walls on either side are paneled in redgum. Here we behold the first of many wall mottoes and epigrams which will greet us

throughout our tour of The House of Sunshine. All of these bits of philosophy are beautifully lettered directly on the redgum paneling, in black oil crayon. On the vestibule wall to our right as we stand just inside the main front door, we are greeted by the well-known Welsh salutation:

Hail, Guest! We ask not what thou art;
If Friend, we greet thee, hand and heart;
If Stranger, such no longer be;
If Foe, our love conquer thee.

On the lefthand paneling is a saying from the writings of Thomas Carlyle: "From the selfsame materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one builds warehouses, another villas" » »

Immediately in front of us, the east wall of the vestibule consists of a beautiful artistic conception of Ganymede in brilliant colors, made from rich-hued imported art glass. The shepherd lad is pictured sitting on a knoll amid grass and flowers, holding his staff casually in one hand, while his sheep graze contentedly about him. This is the largest and most beautiful of all the many representations of Ganymede to be found in The House of Sunshine. He is here to greet us and to bid us welcome as we enter.

As we proceed from the vestibule into the large reception room, we may be momentarily overcome by the sheer and simple beauty of the place. Pause for a moment to absorb a bit of the restful scene. Here, as nowhere else in the building, its quiet peacefulness is apparent, broken only by the muffled clatter of distant typewriters, the murmur of far-off voices, the occasional ring of a telephone, and possibly the infrequent whirring of an electric pencil sharpener—for even the pencil sharpeners here are unusual!

Glance about you at the paneled walls of redgum wood, beautifully grained in natural finish, used in lieu of plaster;

at the interesting pattern of the black-walnut, random-width board floors, growing lovelier with age; at the hand-hewn, oak-beamed ceiling, decorated in the colorful Sicilian or Byzantine style of the English-Norman period; at the recessed Norman windows, with panels of European art glass made according to special designs and patterns conceived for The House of Sunshine; and at the softly colored murals, forming a continuous decorative frieze encircling the room.

A careful study of these murals will be richly rewarding, especially to the student of history or literature; for they portray certain famous men, along with a scene from some well-known episode in each man's life or writings. Let us stand in the center of the room and survey the scenic murals in the frieze, which serves to separate the paneled walls from the decorated beamed ceiling.

In the southwest corner, over the main entrance, is Columbus' flagship, the *Santa Maria*, alongside a portrait of Columbus himself, and the words, "Sail on, sail on, and on!", a key line from Joaquin Miller's beloved poem about the daring of the pioneer navigator. Along the west wall is a scene from early America, Governor Bradford with the Pilgrim fathers and their families on their way to church. As they stroll through a forest, they are alert for the enemy, the men shouldering their muskets while their wives carry Bibles. Below this mural is the caption, "With humble thanks for all Thy gifts." The west-wall frieze is completed by a portrait of Henry W. Longfellow, the beloved American poet, his home, and a scene from his "Evangeline," beside which are printed three lines from his famed "Village Blacksmith":

Thanks, thanks to thee,
My worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Beginning with Sam Walter Foss, the frieze along the north wall depicts a house set in a tranquil grove of trees beside a quiet country road. This is the home in which lived the elderly couple who, through their kindness to a weary wayfarer, inspired Foss to pen his immortal poem, "The House by the Side of the Road." This motif could well be the motto of The House of Sunshine, for it is located by the side of the road and, through its inspiring publications and by its ministry of inspiration to all who enter its doors, it continues to be a friend to mankind around the earth.

In the center panel of the frieze on the north wall is Ludwig van Beethoven, depicting his home in Bonn, Prussia, and a delightful scene of soft moonlight sparkling upon the gentle ripples of a secluded lake bordered by rolling hills on which grow fine old trees. One can almost hear the music of the wind as it plays happily in the leaves. This, of course, represents the moonlit vista which inspired Beethoven's incomparable "Moonlight Sonata." In fact, below the lovely lake appears the great master's statement on the occasion when he happened upon this vision of nocturnal beauty: "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight."

Along the north wall, appears Stephen Collins Foster, accompanied by a stately mansion set on a shaded lawn and surrounded by great trees. This is Foster's "Old Kentucky Home," and a line from this popular folk song is printed below the scene: "The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home." In the corner of the room is William Shakespeare, his birthplace, a street scene in Stratford-on-Avon, and a Shakespearean quotation: "A merry heart goes all the day."

Depicting two of the early American fathers, the east frieze exhibits a portrait of George Washington and his home. Majestic Mount Vernon crowns its rolling lawns, surrounded by its fine old trees, and marked by an American

flag gently waving against the blue sky. And below is an extract from one of Washington's prayers: ". . . and most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice."

Accompanying Washington on the east mural is Benjamin Franklin, his contemporary. Franklin at work in his printshop is depicted, as is the boy Franklin delivering newspapers in a wheelbarrow. And one of Franklin's gems of wisdom is immortalized here: "He that hath a trade hath an estate" » »

Murals on the south wall depict, first, Abraham Lincoln as President, and a scene showing him as a young man witnessing the slave auction in New Orleans, which made of him a lifelong foe of human servitude. The martyred President's famed admonition, "Let us have faith that right makes might," completes the Lincoln panel.

The next panel in the south mural is a statement from the Ninetieth Psalm: "Establish thou the work of our hands." Next in order is the feature panel over the wide doorway leading into the south corridor. This is an unusual conception of "Christ the Carpenter," and represents an enlarged reproduction of the outstanding water-color done by the New York artist, Joseph Franké, the original of which we shall see later in the second-floor studio. To complete the murals in the reception room, a portrait of Charles Dickens is presented, accompanied by a happy scene from his *A Christmas Carol*, and by Tiny Tim's earnest wish: "God bless us every one!"

Although these murals are unrelated in subject matter, they afford glimpses into some of the famous lives and achievements which have resulted in greater happiness for mankind and in nobler thinking and living on the part of many. These are some of the people whose ideals have inspired Henry F. Henrichs, and whose attainments have

presented a challenge to his own efforts to make the world happier and better through the bits of radiance that he sends forth into countless human lives.

In the southwest corner of the reception room stands the receptionist's desk, at which Monta Henrichs Crane, the daughter of Henry and Winifred Henrichs, is on duty. Since 1952 she has been the official receptionist for The House of Sunshine, and, in addition, serves as associate editor and book editor for *Sunshine Magazine*, and is librarian for The House of Sunshine and editor of *Sunshine Library News-Letter*. Her gracious, cordial greeting is typical of the friendliness which the visitor always encounters at The House of Sunshine. She or some other member of the staff will happily conduct you on a tour through the establishment, pointing out items of special interest and gladly answering any questions which you may have.

The northeast corner of the reception room is an important area, almost enclosed by low cabinets. This is the heart of the famous Sunshine Bookettes, which have gained a nationwide reputation for their distinctiveness in greetings for all occasions. The genial Olinda Flitz Pluhm oversees this department, and her smiles add luster to her work. Visitors interested in the Bookettes find Olinda a helpful but low-pressure demonstrator. She is also editor of *Adventures in Friendship*, a small publication espousing the wherefores and whynots of Sunshine Bookettes.

Many visitors are so impressed by the varied mottoes and epigrams to be found on the walls throughout the building that they often copy them to serve as lasting reminders of the wholesome philosophies which have motivated this unique organization. In the reception room are several of these epigrams. Suppose we wander about and read them, and perhaps copy them for future use.

Near Monta Crane's desk is a quotation from Thoreau: "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." On a door in the east end of the reception room is Robert Louis Stevenson's statement, "I know what happiness is, for I have done good work." On a nearby closet door is the sage observation: "We make a living by what we get; we make a life by what we give." Then, over the folding doors opening from the reception room into an adjoining office is Benjamin Franklin's cryptic comment: "Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it."

Adorning the wall near the receptionist's desk is another interpretation of Ganymede. Here, in this feature panel, he is walking through a verdant meadow, with grass and flowers about his feet, with a lamb enfolded in his right arm and holding his staff in his left hand, while about his feet another lamb browses. Below this colorful portrayal, done in brilliant oil crayons directly on the redgum paneling of the wall, is the following interpretation:

Ganymede, a beautiful shepherd boy in Grecian mythology. He was so beautiful that Zeus, the god of the elements and the source of divine decrees, carried him away to Olympus, a remote heavenly palace, to serve as cupbearer. Here Ganymede, shut in from sight of men on earth, acquired the virtues usually attributed to the shepherd.

You will be interested to learn that the artistic murals in the reception room and in other areas of the building, with other decorations throughout The House of Sunshine, were executed by local girls who have been employed as artists on the staff. They used oil paint in the form of chalk or crayon, some of the murals being done on homespun canvas, others done directly on the redgum walls. Maud Henrichs, as art editor, did much of the decorative work in the building, with assistance from staff artists.

The various poems and mottoes on the walls and doors throughout the building, adapted, for the most part, from *Sunshine Magazine*, were hand-lettered by staff artists, and lend much interest to an environment which is unusual in every way » »

Perhaps you would like to be seated for a few minutes while enjoying further the beauties of the reception room? Here are comfortable settees and chairs, inviting you to relax and absorb the atmosphere of your surroundings. All settees, chairs, tables, and desks in this room are pieces of Feudal Oak furniture, in keeping with the architecture of The House of Sunshine, according to a style in vogue several hundred years ago. Put together with wooden pegs, ornately carved, and with rounded antique corners, the furniture is solid and comfortable. Several other interesting pieces done in the same motif may be seen in other parts of the building » »

As the focal point of interest in the reception room, the mirrored fernery in the center of the north wall attracts the attention of all visitors. You will note the quiet pool of clear water with shining goldfish darting in and out of their rocky habitat. At one point, the tiny figure of a little boy is perched atop a rocky promontory, his fishing pole extended over the clear water of the pool. He is a veritable symbol of patience: for eighteen years he has hopefully sat there, dangling his line in the limpid water, with never so much as a nibble! » »

Bordering the pool, which is irregular in contour, is a verdant display of diminutive plants growing from their beds of sponge rock brought from the Ozark Mountains. Set on a rocky ledge overlooking the pool is a tiny lighthouse which can be illuminated by the flick of a switch. Another switch will set in motion two or three miniature waterfalls

which permit water to flow down over rocky precipices into the pool below; and the waterwheel of a quaint little mill turns slowly as water from a hidden spring flows through it.

Scattered throughout the miniature green hillocks bordering the pool are small clearings in which nestle still tinier log cottages, encircled by primitive log fences. All of this rustic beauty is triply reflected in three huge mirror panels which extend from the floor almost to the ceiling. The reflected loveliness of the fernery, of the room itself, and of adjoining rooms and corridors is captivating.

Set between the mirror panels are two colorful sections of art glass depicting flowers native to Illinois. When daylight flows through these brilliant panels into the room, the diffused radiance is almost breathtaking in splendor. Both fluorescent and incandescent illumination from above intensifies the beauty of the pool and of the mirrored reflections which lend depth and distance to the perspective. Across the front of the fernery is a lengthy border of Moravian tile especially made to spell out the words, "The House of Sunshine," in old-style lettering which employs the "V" instead of the "U."

On the floor in the reception room is a large hand-hooked rug, made in China. Several small matching rugs are to be found elsewhere in the building.

Here and there, on tables, in shelves, and in racks resting on the window ledges of the reception room, is a comprehensive collection of current best-selling books. These books comprise a portion of the Sunshine Library, which carries a wide variety of the best books, both current and classical. These books are available for purchase by visitors to The House of Sunshine, and by persons who wish to order by mail. A still larger selection of books, consisting primarily of older publications, is housed in the studio up-

stairs. *Sunshine Magazine* regularly carries brief reviews of some of the most popular listings in the Sunshine Library.

Perhaps one of the first features you may have noticed upon entering the reception room was the massive bulk and the striking beauty of the distinguished and rare Berkshire breakfront, which has been modernized to accommodate an automatic radio-phonograph instrument and a television installation. This was a gift to Henry and Winifred Henrichs from their niece, Maud Henrichs, on their fiftieth wedding anniversary, in 1950. Door panels of the breakfront are made of English crown glass, displaying to advantage the rare china vases and other curios which adorn the enclosed shelves.

On the lower shelf is a special prize owned by The House of Sunshine—a complete set of the writings of Elbert Hubbard I, autographed and numbered by the author, and collected in nineteen large volumes, bound in fine red leather with gold imprints. Only 1,000 sets of this rare edition were published, and it was a happy day for Henry F. Henrichs when he was able to procure with the aid of his good friend, Elbert Hubbard II, this prized collectors' item, which has long been out of print. Other rare editions of Hubbard are shelved upstairs, but this is the prized possession among them all » »

In a final glance around the reception room, you will notice the crystal fountain torchiere, the authentic Towle clock on the wall, the handsome illuminated globe of the world, and initialed bronze wastebaskets, all presentations from the employees.

Here, too, is an elaborate wall cabinet containing interesting and rare miniatures, collected from the far corners of the world. Interestingly enough, many friends of The House of Sunshine are eager to share their prized posses-

sions, until this institution has become a museum, housing many rare and exquisite objects, each of which might be the subject of an interesting story.

A notable attraction in the northeast corner of the reception room is a fine, large portrait in oils of Henry F. Henrichs, the founder and guiding hand of The House of Sunshine, whose dream inspired and planned the building of this unique institution. This portrait, executed by a New York artist, Hiram Hoelzer, was a surprise gift from "Winifred to Henry" on the occasion of the Henrichs' golden wedding anniversary. A companion portrait of Winifred Henrichs by the same artist has since been placed by the side of Henry's, the gift of son Garth and niece Maud.

Now let us pull ourselves away from the comfortable and inviting reception room, for there still is much to be seen. We shall, however, return to this spacious and ornate room upon the completion of our tour.

XV

In the Realm Of Fancy



As we move into the long central corridor, extending from the reception room to the outer south door, we notice that the murals comprising the continuing frieze up and down and across the ends of the corridor are mostly rural scenes emitting an atmosphere of tranquil quietude—a sparkling lake here, a winding country road there, with an occasional narrow bridge, and a rocky, wooded vista through which wanders a gurgling stream that tumbles so realistically over rugged stones in its bed that we can almost hear its happy murmur. These are all community scenes, skillfully transferred by the artists from the rural sections surrounding Litchfield to grace the simple dignity of The House of Sunshine.

In the corridor, some of you may wish to jot down a motto or an epigram which strikes your fancy. On the walls are several of these poignant wisps of wisdom and inspiration. At the extreme north end of the corridor are two wide half-windows whose ledges serve as counters for the two offices

opening from either side of the corridor. Above these windows are specially designed motto panels, one stating that "There has always been a sunrise after a sunset," and the other offering the sage counsel, "It is better to *deserve* success than to *attain* it."

On a door in the hallway appears this verse:

A wise man goeth forth cheerily,
Through fair weather and through foul;
He knoweth his journey must be sped,
So he carrieth his sunshine with him.

Another doorway, into the business office, bears the terse observation: "Business is never good business until it makes a friend." And a wall motto serves to remind us that worthwhile accomplishments always result from a mingling of failure and success, permeated by optimistic determination: "From the mingled strength of shade and light, a new creation arises" » »

To the left of the door at the south extremity of the corridor is this inspiring gem: "He builds too low who builds beneath the stars." To the right of this door, which is utilized by most of the employees as they come and go at the beginning and end of the day, is a gentle reminder that, "When I leave this door, I am not ashamed to face the world, for I have done my work well."

On another hallway door has been printed the verse:

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang his bell,
What would you buy?

In addition to the epigrams mentioned above, all of which are handlettered in black directly upon the redgum paneling of the walls or of the doors, there is in the corridor,

also, a remarkable plaque carved from white pine by Victor Berlendis, depicting Ganymede and his sheep, and carrying the maxim carved in distinctive classic lettering: "Time is a sacred gift. Each day is a little lifetime."

From the southern extremity of the central corridor one may look upon a distant vista of beauty and elegance reflected in the mirror panels of the reception room. On Halloween night, 1940, shortly after the completion of The House of Sunshine, a group of pranksters was admitted at the south door for "treats." One of the youngsters, looking about him in awe, suddenly cried: "Hey, look! There's another bunch of kids coming!" But another boy in the group exclaimed, "Aw! That's us!" What they saw was a lifelike reflection of their own group in the distant mirrors.

Let us now make a brief, systematic inspection of the offices which open from the corridor on either side. Beginning at the north end of the hallway, on the west side, we find that the first door opens into Maud Henrichs' office. Since Maud is the manager of *Sunshine Magazine*, as well as one of its associate editors, this office and the two adjoining it are often referred to as the business suite. The walls here, as elsewhere, are of gum wood, but the distinct patterns in the graining indicate that these panels were cut from the outside of the log, and are called sapgum. In this office, also, are two small carvings executed in white pine by Victor Berlendis. One is the artistically carved reminder, "Everybody lives by selling something," while the other carries the reminder that "Beauty is God's handwriting." The wood carver, born in Italy, but well established as a noted carver and sculptor in St. Louis, executed these beautiful panels at the age of eighty-three years. The delicate contour of each carving is worthy of note. Each panel required about 100 hours of steady work to complete.

In Miss Henrichs' office, the murals comprising the frieze carry a distinct American motif, and depict glorious scenes from various portions of the United States.

On the west wall, executed in all of their colorful grandeur, are the inspiring vistas of the Grand Canyon, the delicate tracery of the Golden Gate Bridge spanning San Francisco Bay, and the lofty magnificence and restful shadows of the giant California redwoods.

The north-wall frieze depicts the sparkling blue gem of Crater Lake in Oregon, the vast expanse of golden wheat fields of eastern Washington, and the sheer grandeur and mountainous surroundings of Canada's Lake Louise.

On the east wall, a representative country church in New England, an old covered bridge, and a scene on the white sands of Cape Cod are to be noted.

Murals on the south wall take us traveling from the humid luxuriance of New Orleans to the arid wastes of the Far West by depicting a medley of scenes, such as a view on the Mississippi River; picturesque homes in New Orleans; a magnificent plantation home of the Old South; the great live oaks of the area festooned with gray draperies of Spanish moss; a typical western ranch, showing the windmill and the watering tank, and cattle being herded toward the well for water; and a desert view of numerous cacti growing in an arid land, overshadowed by the gnarled trunks and spiny foliage of contorted Joshua trees.

On the east wall is an epigram taken from the writings of Byron, executed in large hand-drawn lettering, reminding us that "All who would win joy must share it."

The attractive and busy cuckoo clock on the south wall of the office, periodically calling the half-hours in a strident voice that can be heard throughout the adjoining corridors and rooms, came from Switzerland; whereas outside the

office door in the corridor hangs a replica of an old mission bell which is sounded to call the Sunshine staff together for meetings and special occasions.

In spite of the beauty of Miss Henrichs' office, the visitor immediately receives the impression that this is a busy place. Usually the desk is piled high with manuscripts to be read; and several times each day large stacks of mail come in. In addition to her editorial assistance on *Sunshine Magazine*, Maud is the art editor for all publications of The House of Sunshine.

Here, in the business office, or possibly outside in the corridor, one is likely to meet Snug, a blue-feathered, golden-crowned little parakeet which is the current mascot of The House of Sunshine. He has been here only since January, 1958, a most cordial, intelligent bird. But, despite all his efforts to please and to be clever, he could never be loved any more fervently than was Jade. For Snug, a new companion bird, was indirectly responsible for the tragic death of Jade » »

The two were incompatible, and the newcomer would chase Jade whenever the opportunity presented itself. On the fateful day, Jade was attempting to escape from the onslaughts of his tormentor when he flew to the lid of an open cabinet in the office. The impact caused the door of the cabinet to fall shut, and Jade was crushed to death.

Jade was placed on a mount in token of his contribution to the life of The House of Sunshine. And now there is also Jade II, procured soon after the death of Jade I. He is a shy but beautiful golden-green bird, and a playful companion to Snug. While he can never quiet the heart-throb stirred by the tragedy of Jade the First, he is proving himself a worthy successor to the throne of birddom.

Jade I, a brilliant-hued bird, whose vociferous chattering

and gossipy monologue often resounded through the nearby corridors and offices, had been mascot of The House of Sunshine for nearly five years, and his tragic death cast a pall of sadness over the place for many days. Although he was Maud Henrichs' special protégé, he was loved and petted by most of the staff members. He loved to have his chin stroked, and delighted in playing with the musical little bells in his cage. He soon learned that, when they became entangled, he could enlist help from his human friends by employing the proper tactics.

Once, when he needed help badly, he flew to Mr. Henrichs' shoulder, back and forth several times. But Henrichs was busy and paid no attention. Finally, Jade, after sitting still on the editor's shoulder for a time, could wait no longer, and whispered softly into Henrichs' ear: "Are you awake? Come kiss me!" That did it! The busy editor laughed, got up, and untangled the bells that were Jade's nemesis.

Jade was immortalized in *Sunshine Magazine* in the issue for April, 1958. "I Am Jade," written by Henry F. Henrichs for Jade autobiographically and posthumously, is one of the most eloquent and touching tributes ever penned by a human being in memory of a pet. The closing paragraphs of this tribute read as follows:

Jade was only a Parakeet, but in his simple innocence, affectionate character, and surprising intelligence, he wrapped around him the heartstrings of all who had daily and hourly association with him. He must have been a happy bird at The House of Sunshine, for he was always beaming with song and chatter » »

Of course, memories will dim, and The House of Sunshine will make adjustments, but those who knew him best, and loved and served him; who taught him, and soothed his birdish fears; who constantly heard his soothing, responsive voice, and understood, and saw his eyes gleam with delight as the time for play arrived; whose human hands he lovingly

trusted without a quiver, cannot soon forget the sting of his sudden and tragic leave.

As beautiful in death as in life, we gently stroked his golden chin—so soothing to him in life—wrapped him in a pink silken napkin, and placed him in a plastic casket of jade-green, the garb with which Nature so lavishly clothed him. There he awaited the taxidermist.

Jade is gone. His happy chirrups are stilled. But a God who could instill into his little being a spark so joyful and inspiring, a God who will not let even a sparrow fall without His note, will take care of Jade in death, and will stroke his chin lovingly, and “untangle his bells” for him when in distress. Blessings on his name.

Adjoining Miss Henrichs' room is the office of Ronald E. Prast, Garth Henrichs' son-in-law, who joined the staff in June, 1957, as promotion manager for *Sunshine Magazine*. His office formerly was the art room, small in size but efficiently designed to make the best light available to the staff who worked here. Wall murals and frieze decorations in this office depict scenes from the great American West—barren deserts, rainbow-hued mountains, shadowy valleys, broken-down wagons of unfortunate pioneers, and grotesque cacti dotting the expanding vistas of the land of the long look » »

On the door leading into the next office is an epigram which reads: “There is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.” This door opens into the office of Wendell Savage, whose title identifies him as office manager for The House of Sunshine. He joined the staff in 1945, on a day which not only was his birthday, but also his wedding anniversary.

This room serves also as the counting room in which the intricacies of computation and money changing are solved. During the war years government reports became exceedingly complicated, and the nearest to a Philadelphia lawyer

that Henrichs could think of was Miss Viola Haney, a certified public accountant, of St. Louis, Missouri. To this day Miss Haney makes monthly pilgrimages to Litchfield, and by her skill and efficiency helps to maintain an accurate accounting of the financial records and reports of the Henrichs organization.

A hand-decorated floral trim encircles this office, and one wall panel pictures an old scribe laboriously copying a manuscript on a scroll with a quill. Here, on the wall, we may read a lesson in preparedness: "I thatched my roof when the sun was shining, and now I am not afraid of the storm."

The spacious southwest room is the official office of Henry F. Henrichs, general manager and editorial director. In recent years, however, he spends most of his time in his second-floor editorial and research office, jokingly protesting that other staff members have "kicked him upstairs." Here he is assisted by Vara Neel Bertolino, his efficient private secretary, who first became a staff member in 1927.

In the editorial suite are to be seen several interesting pieces of The House of Sunshine's Feudal Oak furniture. The editor's desk, massive and imposing, is an outstanding example of the elaborate hand-carvings and round-peg and "butterfly" corner construction of this furniture. Small cupboards, ample built-in bookshelves stocked with bound volumes of *Sunshine*, and a large retractible stenographer's workshelf on the back are distinctive features of the desk.

Decorative panels beside the windows portray early printing symbols, along with such men as Erasmus, Gutenberg, and Franklin, all of whom were early exponents of the printing art. Also to be recognized in these panels are such features as an Egyptian scribe, a Chinese copyist, a monk hand-lettering a scroll in his cell, Moses carrying in his arms the two stone tablets of the Ten Commandments, early

scrolls of the ancient world, and workmen busily engaged at primitive printing presses.

In the manager's suite is one of the several "Dutch" doors in The House of Sunshine, distinctively designed to permit the upper half of the door to open separately from the lower half. Above these special doors is a panel of floral design leaded glass, by Lucien Renaldi, the only man in the United States who has mastered this particular art. Here one may note to good advantage the exterior Venetian blinds which characterize The House of Sunshine, and which may be operated from the inside.

Bookends, paper weights, and bud vases on the editor's desk, along with the exquisite lamp base on the corner table, are made of myrtle wood, which grows only in Oregon and in the Holy Land. Soaked in water for a year or more before being converted into ornate *objets d'art*, this wood presents a pattern of graining resembling fine marble. These lovely pieces were presented to The House of Sunshine by Mr. and Mrs. Harold V. Melchert, of Salem, Oregon.

Incidentally, lovely presentations to The House of Sunshine are "too numerous to mention." For instance, the painting from life of the old Indian on the pony, "Homeward Bound," by the eminent Helen Hodge. This perfect piece of art has delighted visitors from all over the world.

The "Golden Hour" clock that stands on the antique bracket continues to mystify the "clock watcher" as to its "impossible" operation. The classic simplicity of design makes it "just right" for this sanctum. It is the gift of Garth and Madge Henrichs.

Here, too, are mottoes and maxims attractively lettered on the lovely redgum paneling. Among them is the Scriptural reminder: "This is the day that the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it." Also to be seen here is

Thomas Carlyle's succinct observation: "That man is the most original who is able to adapt from the greatest number of sources." And: "Words are things, and a small drop of ink falling like dew upon a thought, opens the shutters of the mind and sets the imagination a-winging." And: "Metal rusts, stone crumbles; the robes of kings are eaten by moths. Few works of man live so long as the pages of a well-printed book." And: "Order is God's first law."

On the wall beside the door which opens onto the flagstone patio is a scene of sylvan beauty. Executed in color on the redgum paneling is a lovely reproduction of an Audubon painting showing a family of brilliantly colored orioles in the branches of a tree and hovering about their nest. Below is a lettered epigram: "The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those that sang best"—a gentle reminder that the world needs the efforts of the one-talent man as well as those of the man entrusted with ten talents » »

As we leave the editorial suite, let us now traverse the central corridor to its northern extremity for a brief glimpse into the offices along its eastern wall. The first office next to the reception room is known as the "Sunshine Room," in which subscriptions to *Sunshine Magazine* are first processed. The bronze-tipped, hammered-iron scroll and the panels of decorative art glass around the reception counter opening into the corridor were especially designed for this office.

Beneath the counter is a cartouche of mezzotint Moravian tile in a New-World motif. These tiles, made by the Moravian Pottery Works at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, are individual pieces of hand-made glazed tile, set into a panel of cement. With Columbus as the central figure, beside him are to be seen his three ships, the King and Queen of Spain who financed his voyage of discovery to the New

World, the Indian sun-worshippers and traders whom he found in this strange land, the Fountain of Youth, and the fabulous, mythical city of El Dorado.

After marveling at this unique artistry executed in tile, let us enter the office for a moment. Busily at work at their desks are Juanita Penman, head of the Subscription Department, who joined the staff in 1947; and assistants Edith Green Bryant, a staff member since 1949, and Thora Stowe Birkenkamp, a staff member since 1955. At almost any time, their desks will be stacked with mountains of mail, representing new or renewal subscriptions to *Sunshine*, which they will be busily recording on cards which are kept in alphabetical order in batteries of filing cabinets which hold a card for every past and current subscriber.

Here again, on the wall and in the murals of the frieze, are colorful representations of Ganymede, the shepherd boy, as he leads his trustful flock through green pastures and beside still waters. On the east wall is a hand-lettered quotation from David Starr Jordan, which has been the motto of *Sunshine Magazine* and of The House of Sunshine since their earliest days: "He who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own."

As we leave the subscription department, we traverse the rotunda, which is the area in which a short corridor leaves the main hallway and leads eastward to the addressing and shipping rooms in the rear. Immediately beyond the rotunda is the secretarial room of Sunshine Publications, the office of Thelma Lessman Putnam and Melba Hittmeier Gordon, secretaries to Garth Henrichs, who joined the firm in 1939 and 1941 respectively.

Equipped with indirect cove lighting, as are some of the other rooms, the secretarial office displays to remarkable advantage the only frieze in the building which is not hand-

drawn. Here the frieze is constructed of colorful wall-paper imported from Germany prior to the Second World War, which depicts a continuous tracery of woodland scenes and stately forests all about the room. This office also carries a hand-painted oak-leaf runner below the frieze, and on the west wall an exquisite hand-painted morning-glory vine, on the gumwood paneling, its brilliant blue blossoms contrasting pleasantly with the rich green of its leaves.

At the south end of the corridor is the office of Garth Henrichs, who is in charge of the Sunshine goodwill publications and their promotion to potential clients. Here the frieze, done in oil crayon, depicts the various homes which have been occupied by the Henrichs family, beginning with the old home in Germany in which Henry F. Henrichs was born, and from which he moved with his parents to the United States at the age of four.

Then, in sequence, are shown the boyhood home of Henry Henrichs in the Dorchester community, the little farm home near Dorchester in which Winifred Henrichs was born, and where she lived until her marriage; the homes in Bunker Hill and in Litchfield in which Henry and Winifred Henrichs resided during the early years of their marriage, and their present stately residence, situated only a few blocks from The House of Sunshine.

Also depicted is the Litchfield home of Garth Henrichs. All of these homes are represented in their natural settings, surrounded by trees, fields, meadows, or city streets, as the case may be » »

Garth's office, whose walls are lined with bookcases and filing cabinets, carries on its east wall a bit of philosophy from II Corinthians 9:6: "He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly; and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully" » »

Back now in the rotunda, we notice that a closet door reminds us that "We are known by the friends we make and keep," while the door leading into the secretarial rooms warns that, "They who are content to remain in the valley will not get the grander view from the mountaintop." Still another saying may be noted on the wall of this area, representing a quotation from the *Koran*: "If I had two loaves of bread, I would sell one of them and buy hyacinths—for they would feed my soul." This sage observation is compatible with the esthetic philosophy and the artistic beauty of The House of Sunshine, which has been designed to nourish the soul of man through its countless manifestations of loveliness, grandeur, and simple dignity. And the telephone alcove in the east corridor bears a gentle reminder from Proverbs 15:1, to the effect that "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

On the walls of the east corridor we see sketches defining certain significant episodes in the early development of the printing industry. On the south wall, beneath the stairway, is a large representation of Ts'ai Lun, the old Chinese gentleman who is supposed to have invented paper A.D. 106.

In the murals of the frieze which decorates the corridor are numerous incidents in the story of printing, including a depiction of an ancient printshop; Gutenberg making the first impression from his movable type in 1440; an itinerant printer carrying his portable press on his shoulders and head—a monstrosity that gives him the appearance of wearing armor; Johann Fust, who in 1464 sold the first printed Bible in Paris at one-third the cost of a hand-copied Bible, and who was accused of practicing magic because of the uniformity of his printed copies of the Scriptures; the printshop of John Froben in Basel, Switzerland, who in 1514 first put publishing on a commercial basis; and the

printing office of John Baskerville who in 1750 perfected an improved press on which *Paradise Lost* was printed, and who designed a new type face which bears his name.

It is fitting that so much emphasis is devoted in The House of Sunshine to the development of the printing industry, for this institution today is responsible for some of the outstanding typographic work being produced in this country. Says George Washington Robnett, the noted publicist and lecturer, of Pasadena, California, in a letter to Henry F. Henrichs: "I always think of you as the Rembrandt in typography. Why is it that we have so few artisans in printing any more? I have always thought of printing as an art—not just a matter of type and paper. The handling of type must have the touch of the artist or it is merely a reproduction of words without taste or finesse or character" » »

XVI

Browsing in The Sunshine Studio



As we ascend the winding stairway to the second-floor rooms of The House of Sunshine, we note on the wall at a lower level of the stairs a large sketch of Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type; while, at the head of the stairs, is a colorful drawing of an Assyrian scribe of about 600 B.C. engraving a message on soft clay tablets by means of a stylus. Nearby, a king is seated upon his throne, perhaps dictating the message which the scribe is recording, while two armed men stand by, guarding against interruptions.

The second floor, originally planned as a recreation room for the staff, has in more recent years been utilized for other purposes, as well. The main central room, which houses the music studio and much of the Sunshine Library, serves also as the place in which business and social meetings of the staff are held. Each Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, the clanging of the old mission bell downstairs summons

the staff to this room for a brief period of relaxation and refreshment, often featuring brief remarks by a guest speaker or by a staff member.

Here, too, is a fine concert model electric organ, a Steinway piano, record-players and tape recorders, and a modern high-fidelity amplification system. Here originates the music hour each Sunday afternoon from four until five o'clock, when sacred and symphonic music is amplified and broadcast to the community as well as throughout the building. Other periods of music—the twilight hour beginning at sunset each Friday evening in season, the musical “Call of the Day” each morning at eight o'clock, “Moments of Music” each afternoon at three o'clock, and the “Call of Sunset”—all are transmitted from this music studio. Every day, employees begin their work in the morning to the tranquil strains of soft music floating throughout the building; and each afternoon during a fifteen-minute period of relaxation, fellowship, and refreshment, music is again featured.

On display in the large central upstairs room are a number of the quaint handmade magical Swedish door harps, like the one downstairs on the main front door, which greeted our entrance into The House of Sunshine with soft tones of melody. In recent years The House of Sunshine has become a leading American outlet for these unusual harps, as skilfully made as a fine violin. They are imported directly from Sweden.

In this room, also, are many tiers of bookcases in which is housed that portion of the Sunshine Library not on display in the reception room. Books of fine fiction, religion, inspiration, biography, travel, poetry—a variety of reading matter to appeal to every taste—are shelved here. Many of the volumes are unique, rare editions, interesting and valuable. One section is devoted exclusively to books pub-

lished in England, and other shelves feature worthwhile books for children. Visitors are welcome to browse here to their heart's content.

If adequate space were available for effective display, The House of Sunshine could offer a fascinating museum to its visitors. From all parts of the world have come gifts and objects of interest, many of which are concentrated in the Sunshine Library, as well as in the reception room. Among the most interesting treasures in the upstairs area are the following:

An old-type Hall typewriter, manufactured in 1881, presented by Charles V. Larson of Galesburg, Illinois;

One of the original bricks from the White House in Washington, D. C., received through the courtesy of the late Paul Buscher, young businessman of Litchfield;

A twenty-three inch statue of Abraham Lincoln, a gift of the late Stanley R. Gill, well-known hotel executive;

An old English call bell, two centuries old, procured from a collector in Fressingfield, England, by Hal W. Trovillion, of Herrin, Illinois, a member of the Sunshine Advisory Staff;

Miniature carvings in ivory of the Seven Happy Gods of Japanese philosophy, presented by Captain Earl L. Henrichs, a nephew of Henry F. Henrichs, with the U. S. Army in Japan; » »

A set of exquisitely hand-carved jewelry, made in China;

A rare and complete first volume of the *Youth's Companion*, first published on April 16, 1827. This is said to be the only first volume of this famous journal in existence;

Some copies of *The Golden Dawn*, a monthly publication written, printed, and distributed by Henry F. Henrichs during his teens, when he was an amateur journalist;

A bound volume of the old *Ladies' Home Magazine*, containing the issues of 1860, featuring many illustrations of the fashions of that day;

A few early issues of *The Ladies' Home Journal* during its first few years of publication;

Some manuscript sheets of Elbert Hubbard, containing notes made by the famous philosopher;

A lap robe of original design, made and presented by Mrs. Marie Barrow, of Memphis, Tennessee, who, as a hobby, has made and given away more than 300 of these robes;

A Hieroglyphic Bible, more than 125 years old, presented by Mrs. Harriet Horn, of Logansport, Indiana;

A hand-hewn oaken beam from over the doorway of the home in Germany where the editor of *Sunshine* was born. In it is carved the date when the home was built—1671. Along with some of the brick and roof tile from this old home, it will be utilized in some future Sunshine building.

On the north wall of the Sunshine Library hangs the original of the distinctive portrait of "Christ the Carpenter," done in water color by the New York artist, Joseph Franké (1897-1927). Some thirty years ago Henry F. Henrichs came across a reproduction of this portrait in a magazine, and wrote to the artist requesting permission to reproduce it in the Henrichs publications. After several months, having received no reply, Henrichs wrote again; and at length came a note from Franké's wife, stating that the artist had passed away at the age of thirty as he stood on the threshold of a promising career. The letter stated that not only might Henrichs reproduce the painting, but that he might like to purchase the original portrait at a most reasonable price. Thereupon Henrichs became the owner of this unusual and inspiring conception of the Nazarene.

Depicting the Christ as a virile, sinewy man, it shows Him at work in an outdoor, primitive shop beside His home in Nazareth. About Him there are piles of lumber, and on the wall, beneath wide, overhanging eaves, hang crude planes, chisels, mauls, and other ancient tools of the carpenter's trade, while He works at a bench at shaping a piece of timber with an adze and a maul. A large reproduction of this portrait is featured in the reception room, while

full-size reproductions have been made, and miniatures are used to illustrate one of the most popular of the Sunshine Bookettes, *The Carpenter*.

A portion of the Sunshine Annex is used as the Art Studio. In this department a number of talented young artists have labored to impart to readers of *Sunshine Magazine* inspiring visions of The House of Sunshine and Sunshine Park. Among these may be named Helen Watkins Satterlee, Joyce Travis Edwards, and Juanita Ellis Markos. All have won recognition for their excellent work.

In the main room of the studio is a beautiful replica of The House of Sunshine, executed in exact detail according to scale, all hand-carved in wood by Victor Berlendis, a famous Italian wood carver. The artist was so impressed with the beauty of The House of Sunshine that he devoted three months of painstaking work creating this masterpiece, and presented it to the owners of The House of Sunshine. The famous artist, now deceased, declared in his presentation remarks that the fashioning of this replica was the crowning achievement of his life.

The replica is mounted on a shoulder-height artistic stand, constructed by the artist, at the base of which is a hand-carved miniature Town Crier. On the four sides of the stand are carved the following representative Sunshine mottoes in text lettering:

**Beauty is God's handwriting.
Only our best should be good enough.
Everybody lives by selling something.
Time is a sacred gift; each day is a little lifetime.**

At the southern extremity of the second floor is the "inner sanctum" of The House of Sunshine, where Henry F. Henrichs maintains his workroom and editorial office. His

secluded quarters are in sharp contrast to his ornate office downstairs, for this upstairs workroom is plain and simple in its motif, as are all of the second-floor rooms. Although murals and friezes have long been planned for this portion of the building, they have not yet been completed.

The second-floor editorial office contains two large desks and an assortment of smaller work tables, with every available inch of wall space being devoted to bookshelves and filing cabinets containing the working materials of a busy editor. Here and there in the room are to be seen copies of many of the more than five hundred publications which are received regularly at The House of Sunshine.

Henrichs does his editorial writing on a portable typewriter, on which he is a competent two-finger typist. Concerning his ability as a typist, he smilingly remarks: "I'm not too good—but I've got a good eraser!" During one of our interviews, he removed from the machine an item which he had just finished composing for *Sunshine*, and invited me to give it a critical reading. After doing so, I pointed out to him two minor typographical errors which he had made. He corrected them with his editorial pencil, flashed his infectious smile in my direction, and commented: "I'm going to have to get a new typewriter!"

Henrichs signs all of his correspondence with a pencil containing olive-green lead. These pencils, which have long been his personal "trade-mark," are especially made by the manufacturer for The House of Sunshine. He admits that it is unconventional to sign letters with a pencil, but he is not overly concerned about adhering to conventions, and proceeds to sign his voluminous correspondence with a tinted lead which harmonizes with the color of the printing on the official letterheads of The House of Sunshine. In recent years Garth, also, has taken up the use of these pen-

cils; and Henrichs chuckled merrily as he confided in me, "I feel like suing him!"

In his editorial office, whose windows overlook a quiet Litchfield street, Henry F. Henrichs touches his typewriter keys with inspired fingers and dips his pen into sunshine. As he works and dreams here, he sends forth scintillating rays of sunshine which encircle the world and dispel some of the gloom and tragedy from countless thousands of human hearts » »

XVII

The Voice of Today



BIDDING farewell for the moment to the congenial editor, who has made us feel welcome as we invaded his office, we now make our way back down the curving stairway and turn to the right, into the production department of The House of Sunshine. Imprinted on the lintel of the doorway is the caution that "Tomorrow begins today." Let us now pause to read a verse which catches our eye. Hand-printed in black on the door leading from the east corridor, it is entitled "The Craftsman's Way," written by Clyde B. Morgan:

The craftsman carves his genius
Into the printed page;
Unthinking of the moments,
Unthinking of the wage.
A workman used to toiling
With heart and hand and soul,
Intent on things of beauty,
Perfection as his goal;
Unmindful of the moments,
Unmindful of the pay—
With heart intent on beauty,
When drudgery is duty—
The perfect thing his vision—
This is the craftsman's way.

Until recently, this verse was especially appropriate on this door, which led into the printshop and into the addressing and shipping rooms. In the summer of 1957, however, an extensive north wing was added to the building for housing the printshop; and now the spacious room which we are entering is utilized for addressing and mailing the hundreds of thousands of goodwill publications which are handled here every month. It is a model printshop.

At once we hear the hum and clatter of machinery in operation, and usually there is the muffled sound of the rustling of paper as many hands are busily engaged in preparing publications for mailing. This is a busy area "where things really happen." Here, *Sunshine Magazine* is prepared for its monthly journey into almost every country around the world.

Here, too, hundreds of thousands of goodwill publications are addressed and prepared for mailing, since approximately 70 per cent of the sponsors of Sunshine's program of goodwill advertising supply their mailing lists and have their complete distribution programs carried out here by employees of The House of Sunshine. Here, also, are prepared many orders received daily for Sunshine Bookettes, books, the ever-popular Swedish door harps, and other gift commodities. Every individual order is carefully boxed, wrapped, and addressed, for The House of Sunshine takes pride in preparing attractive shipments to its customers. Mailings and shipments from The House of Sunshine constitute such volume that, several years ago, they were responsible for the advancement of the Litchfield post office from second-class to first-class status.

Spanning the width and length of the spacious room in which we find ourselves is a criss-crossed beamed ceiling whose architectural and decorative severity is pleasantly

and effectively relieved by idealistic stenciled leaf-and-vine designs done in soft colors, running the length of the beams.

In the center of the large room, in effect dividing it into two sections, is another distinctive and original feature of The House of Sunshine—the so-called “house within a house.” Designed by Henrichs as a space conserver, this small house is complete with shingled roof, cornice, and chimneys. The walls of the house, both inside and out, consist of storage cupboards for paper and for publications.

The outer walls of the house are made up of a series of continuous doors which give access to shelved cupboards, whereas the interior consists of open shelves stacked with boxes containing copies of the various Sunshine publications prepared for individual firms. At the same time, a large battery of filing cabinets along the west wall of the spacious room contains current copies of publications which are going out, month by month, to subscribers to the goodwill publicity service » »

A shelf constructed around much of the room affords storage space for other materials and publications. At the large east door, opening into the service driveway, are almost always to be seen mountainous stacks of boxed copies of *Sunshine* or the other booklets which have been delivered from the printing plant in St. Louis. Vast shipments of *Sunshine* come in daily for eight or ten days at the beginning of each month, and the same is true of the goodwill publications later in the month. They are delivered printed and bound, and are ready for insertion into their mailing envelopes, which is done by automatic machinery.

Throughout the room and even faintly in the front offices is to be heard the recurrent clatter of the automatic addressing machine located in the northeast section of the building, capable of imprinting names and addresses on twelve thou-

sand separate envelopes during each hour of its operation. Using individual fiber stencils, this addressing machine must be kept in operation much of the time in order to prepare for all of the regular monthly mailings which go out from this firm. The House of Sunshine's big station wagon must make several trips to the post office each day during the regular mailing periods every month, carrying not only the monthly publications, but also many individual orders for booklets and other merchandise.

The entire northeast corner of the room houses cabinets with hundreds of metal trays containing hundreds of thousands of names and addresses of persons who regularly receive *Sunshine* and other publications, each cut with an electric machine similar to a typewriter into an individual nameplate fiber stencil for use in the addressing machine. Entire trays of these stencils are inserted into the addressing machine, which imprints each one on a separate envelope and restacks the stencils in another tray, ready for reshelving. Selma Weller Shepherd, who first joined the staff in 1929, and Dorothy Schuette Miller, in 1955, are in charge of this department.

The person responsible for the stupendous task of getting the message of *Sunshine* out to the world is Rella Lourine Costley, supervisor of the addressing and mailing operations, who has been a staff member since 1945. Also in this department Bernice Frazer Baker, since 1948, and Ursula Helene Garbe, since 1952, have divided responsibilities, and are enlisted periodically in the massive task of preparing the monthly publications for mailing.

Until 1957, the front office area and the large addressing and mailing room in the rear completed the plant of The House of Sunshine, but in that year a printing building was constructed, extending the plant to the length of a city block.

Connecting The House of Sunshine with the Graphic Arts Building is the so-called "Sunshine Tunnel," a lengthy corridor flanked on either side by storage areas for equipment and materials, in one section housing a modern year-round air-conditioning system for the new building.

Perhaps the first characteristic of this model printshop to be noticed is the cheerful airiness of the place. There is not the usual griminess so commonly found in such shops, nor is there the discoloration or stains ordinarily to be seen where printer's ink abounds, and where machinery whirs and murmurs » »

Just inside the entrance to the Graphic Arts Building stands an object of considerable interest to most visitors—an old Washington handpress more than 125 years old. Often referred to as the "granddaddy" of the presses, it was rescued by Henrichs from a junkyard a number of years ago. It was in one of his newspaper transactions involving the sale of a printing plant of which the old press was a part. It was pledged to Henrichs, but after the sale the pledge was forgotten until the press was discovered in the junk heap. Costing twenty-five dollars in truckage fees to Litchfield, this press now is valued at several thousand dollars as a museum piece. It is still usable.

Until recent years, the old press occupied a position of honor and distinction in the reception room, where it often was operated for the edification of visitors. A "printment" produced by workmen on the press and distributed to guests as a souvenir of their visit, is entitled "I Am the Printing Press," written by Robert Hobart Davis. Reproduced on parchment-like paper and set within a decorative border, this document presents a bit of philosophy concerning the significant functions of the printing press—not of this particular press exclusively, but of printing presses in general:

I AM THE PRINTING PRESS

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass » »

I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu—all comprehend me » »

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing press.

Assuredly, from the busy printing presses utilized by The House of Sunshine flow outward into all the world messages of hope, cheer, inspiration—and little of the tears and burdens of life.

One of the most attractive features of the new printshop is its brilliant lighting. Not only is there an abundance of window space to permit the entrance of daylight, but also

an installation of a new and unique lighting system affords soft, shadowless, artificial light which serves to accentuate the loveliness of the pastel walls. The lighting units—a combination of fluorescent and neon features, and vastly superior to both—comprise one of the newest developments in artificial illumination.

The sturdily beamed ceiling of the printshop is elevated toward the center and supported by three central columns down the length of the room. On these three columns are mounted six massive wrought-iron light brackets, two on opposite sides of each column. They were designed by Henry F. Henrichs and constructed by a local craftsman.

Here, in the printshop, are four presses, including one hand-fed platen press, and three Little Giant automatic presses. Here, also, is the automatic folding machine which is capable of doing five folds in a sheet of paper in one process, and which can turn out as many as thirty thousand single-fold sheets in an hour. Here, too, are cutting, trimming, and binding machines—all essential to a modern graphic arts shop.

Superintendent of the printshop is George Mason Bouillon, who has been with the firm since 1940. He is responsible for much of the fine quality printing for which the Sunshine Private Press is noted. His assistant is Thomas Crane, who joined the staff in 1958. Also to be found occasionally in the printshop is Larry Henrichs, the son of Garth, who joined the staff on July 1, 1957, as assistant in the promotional field for Sunshine Publicity. He grew up with the smell of printer's ink on his hands, as he worked in the shop on Saturdays and after school hours until he left home for college.

At almost any time during working hours one or more of the presses will be humming, and when the rapid clack-

clack-clack of the folding machinery is added to the hum of the presses, one's ears are interestingly assailed by a medley of mechanical concert that denotes the busyness of the shop.

Along the west wall of the printshop is a row of type cases containing various sizes of type in many styles and designs. A number of prized old typefaces are here ready for the typo-classics » »

All of the business printing and promotional literature for The House of Sunshine is done in the printshop, much of it in two or more colors, along with the complete line of Sunshine Bookettes, the unique and inspiring greeting booklets for all occasions which are becoming increasingly popular year by year. Some of the most distinctive printing being done today in America is produced here. Most of it is of the classic order.

Around the room, hand-drawn on the air-conditioning ducts, are the print-marks, or publishers' symbols, of some of the world's most famous printing establishments, both old and modern. These, along with the colorful murals at each end of the room, were executed by the current staff artist, Juanita Ellis Markos.

The murals in the gable ends of the printshop are artful and elaborate. They depict the Town Crier and Ganymede, the two trademarks of The House of Sunshine, which are in evidence in many of the art-glass windows of the building, as well as in other media here and there on the walls. These murals were designed to fill the interior gabled ends of the printshop, and therefore are triangular in shape. Probably no other printshop in the world has such decorative art as is to be found here.

In the north gable is shown the Town Crier, accompanied by his dog, carrying a lantern in one hand and ringing a bell with the other, walking along a country lane beside a spar-

ling stream. Beyond the stream are lovely rural homes and barns, while cows graze contentedly in the meadows, and the distant trees are being crimsoned by the initial caresses of autumn. Immediately behind the Town Crier is a rustic arched bridge spanning the brook, over which he has just walked. To the left of the rural lane a man sits relaxedly on a rugged stone wall, eagerly receiving the news which the crier is disseminating through the countryside. Far away in the background, in notable contrast to the pastoral quietude of the immediate scene, towers the majestic skyline of a great city » »

As a companion for the Town Crier in the north gable of the printshop, the shepherd boy, Ganymede, is the central figure of the south panel. Clutching his ever-present shepherd's staff, he is surrounded by his wooly charges—some dozing lazily in the sun, some grazing in the luscious grass, some drinking and wading in the clear bubbling stream which meanders through the green meadow. Stately trees dot the landscape in the foreground, while distant forests crown the gently rolling hills. Murals in a printshop are a distinct departure from the usual begrimed appearance of a printing establishment.

Near the large service door in the east wall of the printshop are great stacks of paper waiting to be cut into the desired sizes for printing. Almost every day, a truck or van delivers more paper through this door—paper of many colors, all of high quality. More paper merchandise enters and leaves the rear service doors of The House of Sunshine than is true of any other business enterprise in Litchfield.

A statement concerning the functions of type in furthering the world's progress, written by Fred W. Goudy, originator of the popular Goudy type faces, is shown on a large bordered plaque. A copy appears on the next page.

THE TYPE SPEAKS

"I Am the Voice of Today, the
Herald of Tomorrow"

I am Type! Of my earliest ancestry neither history nor relics remain. The wedge-shaped symbols impressed in plastic clay in the dim past by Babylonian builders foreshadowed me. From them through the hieroglyphs of the ancient Egyptians, the lapidary inscriptions of the early Romans, down to the beautiful letters by the scribes of the Italian renaissance, I was in the making.

John Gutenberg was the first to cast me in metal. From his chance thought straying through an idle reverie—a dream most golden—the profound art of printing with movable type was born. Cold, rigid, implacable I may be, yet the first impress of my face brought the divine word to countless thousands. I bring into the light of day the precious stores of knowledge and wisdom long hidden in ignorance.

I coin for you the enchanting tale, the philosopher's moralizing, and the poet's visions. I enable you to exchange the irksome hours that come, at times, to every one, for sweet and happy hours with books—golden urns filled with all the manna of the past. In books I present a portion of the eternal mind caught in its progress through the world, stamped in an instant and preserved for eternity. Through me, Socrates and Plato, Chaucer and the bards become your faithful friends who ever surround and minister to you. I am the leaden army that conquers the world—

I am Type!

Verily, the type that sends forth its message of hope and cheer over the imprint of The House of Sunshine is doing much to lessen the burdens of mankind, to spread joy and goodwill, to radiate happiness and optimism, to scatter shadows with sunshine.

XVIII

The Sunshine Family



WHEN visitors remark that The House of Sunshine is always a model of neatness, cleanliness, and cheer, Henry F. Henrichs is likely to comment: "Well, take a look at the folks who work here! . . . I think we have the finest group of people in the country working with us."

It is quite obvious, even to the casual visitor, that all of the staff members are in reality components of a large, happy family, who delight in an occasional practical joke, who share each other's joys and sorrows, and who have fun and fellowship together. Although the firm is owned exclusively by the Henrichs family, there is no apparent line of demarcation between employer and employee. All work side by side on a first-name basis, and Henrichs himself, although eighty-two years of age, delights to have even his youngest employees call him "H. F."

Pervading all of the activities of The House of Sunshine staff, there is a strong spirit of comradeship that unites the

owners and their employees into a well-knit family, whose members collaborate in furthering the program that has become the strength of this unique firm.

As might be expected, a high moral tone pervades The House of Sunshine, and motivates its staff. One never hears a word of profanity in these paneled corridors or in these busy workrooms; one never sees an employee or an employer with a cigarette between his lips; nor does one ever smell a trace of liquor on the breath. Knowing that employees are selected from among persons who do not smoke nor drink, the writer asked Henrichs what would happen if he should discover one of his staff members smoking or drinking. With unmistakable firmness he replied: "That person would probably soon discover he was in the wrong pew!"

When one comprehends the inspiring atmosphere in which work is accomplished here in The House of Sunshine, one is better able to understand the peculiar influence for good which emanates from *Sunshine Magazine*, and from the other publications prepared by this staff. Because they work in a beautiful environment, they are able to send sunshine streaming forth into the world.

Years ago, Henry F. Henrichs originated the plan of giving gifts to others on his birthday, rather than receiving them, as an expression of his thankfulness for the joys of another year of life, and as an indication of his gratitude for those about him who were contributing to his own happiness in living. Many of the staff members, recognizing a fine spirit in this unusual way of celebrating a birthday, have begun to follow the practice, also. Birthday celebrants are likely to share their birthday cakes with their fellow workers during the afternoon Moments of Music period; or, they may pass out inexpensive mementos to their co-workers.

In the Christmas season, the wholesome spirit of cama-

raderie existing among the Sunshine Family is at its height. Although this is the busiest season of the year at The House of Sunshine, everyone somehow finds time to exchange pleasantries with his fellows; and in the afternoons there are likely to be informal gatherings around the large, brilliantly decorated Christmas tree that scintillates in the mirror panels of the reception room. Here, or out in the snowy courtyard, carols are sung; and the beloved Christmas music floats out into the clear wintry air from the second-floor music studio.

Then, when the time arrives for the annual Christmas party for the staff, there is joy, indeed. All employees gather in the reception room, which is beautifully decorated for the festive occasion. Almost invariably, Santa Claus pays a surprise call, distributing gifts to all and lending much to the merriment of the occasion.

Although The House of Sunshine has no denominational affiliations, a Christian atmosphere dwells unmistakably in these corridors and offices. And this is not surprising, in view of the fact that every employee is an active member of some Christian communion. All members of the Henrichs family are adherents of the Disciples of Christ brotherhood. Henrichs himself was ordained an elder in the church in 1907.

For many years Henrichs was the director of the local Crescendo Orchestra, and for several seasons directed the Litchfield City Band. While working quietly at home in furthering the progress of his church and of his community, Henrichs has gained national distinction for his editorial abilities, and is beloved by countless thousands who have never seen him, for he has won an enviable reputation as the "Sunshine Man." His biography appears in *Who's Who in the Mid-West*, and in national Marquis' *Commercial Who's*

Who, and he is an honored member of "The Fossils," a national fraternity of amateur journalists of the past. Also, he is a life member of Adventures in Business, Inc., composed of businessmen of outstanding careers, and a member of the American Institute of Management.

Henry and Winifred Henrichs, through the auspices of The House of Sunshine, have brought numerous musical attractions to Litchfield, and thus they have made notable contributions to the musical and cultural development of the community » »

Notable among these was the famous Bohumir Kryl and his orchestra of forty-eight pieces. Several communities in central Illinois participated. During one of the performances, the noted conductor directed a united aggregation of high school bands.

Among other attractions at The House of Sunshine Guest Hour on Sunday afternoons were B. Fred Wise, tenor, of Chicago; Val B. Heisel, organist, of St. Louis, Mo.; Bertha Root Kinkead, contralto, of Hillsboro, Ill.; Charles E. Hornbuckle, organist, of St. Louis, Mo.; Rosa Page Welch, mezzo-soprano, of Chicago; Louise Forbes Murray, soprano, of Chicago; Grover C. Farris, organist, of Carlinville, Ill.

On one occasion, when Henry and Winifred Henrichs attended an entertainment in the auditorium of the local high school, they were distressed by the shabby condition of the curtain on the stage. Afterward, suggesting to the superintendent that a new curtain appeared to be badly needed, Henrichs learned that there was not enough money available to the school for such an expenditure. That night, Henry and Winifred reached a decision, and next day the superintendent received a telephone call—if he would place an order for a new curtain for the school auditorium, the

Henrichses would pay for it. The astonished school official exclaimed: "You don't mean that, do you?" A beautiful maroon curtain was installed, which, after nearly a score of years, still remains beautiful.

In the same vein, the Henrichs family have always been ready and eager to contribute of their means and time to advance any worthy community project, no matter whether it be charitable or civic in nature.

Nor are their efforts confined solely to Litchfield. In recent years they have been substantial contributors to an undertaking whose aim is to preserve and endow the Lincoln home in Springfield as a national shrine. They are practicing tithers, and eagerly share a substantial portion of their own blessings to promote the happiness and welfare of their fellow man » »

Henrichs was one of the founders and a charter member of the Litchfield Kiwanis Club, but in his later years he has dropped this activity, "giving the reins to younger men," as he expresses it. Actually, although he meets many friends every time he drives or walks along the streets of Litchfield, he feels that he is little known in the community where he has made his home for more than half a century, and where he has built an amazingly successful business enterprise unlike any other in the world. He is fond of remarking, with a sparkle in his eye: "I doubt that very many people in Litchfield know me, or know what our business is."

Yet he is by no means a recluse, and is never happier than when he has his family and a group of his friends gathered about him. He enjoys good fellowship, wholesome humor, and informal conversation. He treasures, too, the many thousands of unknown friends around the world whose letters of appreciation for *Sunshine Magazine* crowd his filing cabinets. Never destroying a letter, he often rum-

mages through his voluminous files of correspondence, "getting a lift," as he says, from his "love letters." He, in turn, never mails a letter of his own without an enclosure—some booklet or motto or brochure carrying a bit of inspiration—a ray or two of sunshine.

Winifred Henrichs, too, has been active in many organizations. For many years she has been teacher of the Philathea Women's Class in the Union Avenue Christian Church; and she has long been active in the women's work of her church. She has served as president of the Litchfield Woman's Club; she held the offices of vice-president five years, and of secretary five years, of the Illinois Women's Christian Temperance Union; and was president of the Montgomery County WCTU for twenty-four years.

She takes personal pride in her home, and at the age of eighty-two still performs most of the essential homemaking duties. Her spacious, comfortably furnished home testifies to her personal devotion to her career as a happy homemaker. In two well-appointed studies in her home, she performs editorial duties to assist her husband.

On April 15, 1950, Henry and Winifred were privileged to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, with all details planned and carried out by their children. The main event was on Saturday in their North State Street home, where they received hundreds of friends during the afternoon and evening, and was climaxed with a reception and open house on Sunday afternoon and evening in The House of Sunshine, where many more heard the recital of Rosa Page Welch, noted mezzo-soprano of Chicago. Each friend was given a twelve-page souvenir booklet entitled, *The 50-Year Story of Henry and Winifred Henrichs*, designed and written by their son Garth.

Hundreds of cards, letters, and telegrams from friends

far and near added to the joy of the occasion, and they have been carefully preserved by Winifred in a large *Book of Remembrance* » »

On this occasion Winifred's voice rang with gladness and her face beamed with pure joy as she exclaimed to the host of relatives and friends who had come to share the happiness of the occasion: "I defy any couple to have a happier fifty years together!"

One of the secrets of their enduring happiness rests in the fact that they have maintained mutual interests and pleasures. In addition to working together in their family enterprise, they have enjoyed cultural and recreational activities together. They both have been ardent motorists since 1911, when they purchased their first automobile, a Regal, and have toured all areas of the United States. Now Henrichs drives a Cadillac, but is almost apologetic about doing so. "In a small city like Litchfield," he comments with a chuckle, "I don't know whether one is looked up to or looked down on for driving a Cadillac."

For many years April 15, their wedding anniversary, has seen Henry and Winifred Henrichs off somewhere on a trip together, either by car or train. These recurrent "honeymoons" have contributed richly to their enduring love for each other, and to the beauty and happiness of their life together since 1900.

Today, Winifred Henrichs is still radiant and buoyant; and her many friends are often heard to remark: "Did you ever see such a happy woman? Why, she has more sunshine than anyone I ever knew!" If her husband is the "Sunshine Man," Winifred Henrichs certainly can lay claim to being the "Sunshine Lady."

Norma C. Brown, a feature writer who portrayed the Henrichs family for a national publication, *Hearthstone*,

pictured a characteristic comparison between Winifred and Henry Henrichs:

Though more aggressive than her husband, she [Winifred] never steals the show. After a few sentences, by subtle word or look, she invites him to take over. They complement each other in conversation as in life. Radiant is the word for her. . . . Hers is the sparkle of dancing rapids and, on occasion, the generating power of a waterfall.

Henry's is the calm of deep water, as placid at its surface as it is undisturbed in its depths. His speech, ready but never hurried, considered and well measured, and his low, warm voice are marks of a man richly compounded of ideals, of patience, and of courage—the kind of courage that is needed in the invisible battleground of the spirit.

One of the profoundest joys of Winifred Henrichs' life is to be found in the fact that all members of her family are active workers in the church. When she worships beside her husband in the sanctuary of the Union Avenue Christian Church, she beams with happiness as her son Garth participates as an elder in the service of the Holy Communion.

Later, following the early-morning worship hour, both Garth and his wife Madge will be busy in the church school, where both have long been teachers. Madge, who majored in Christian education in college, happily volunteers her professional services to her church. Garth and Madge's daughter, Carolann Prast, is a teacher in the nursery department, and a member of the church choir; and her husband, Ron Prast, a deacon, often serves during worship hours in the sanctuary.

The Prasts have three children: Roderick Charles, four; Rhonda Elizabeth, two; and Ronald Scott, born September 9, 1958. They moved from Evansville, Indiana, to Litchfield in 1957 to become part of the Sunshine Family.

The Henrichs' daughter, Monta Crane, is an accom-

plished musician, and there always is an opportunity for her talents to be employed. She is assistant organist in her church, and serves at many weddings and funerals and other public functions. She assisted in organizing a Zonta Club in Litchfield, and became its first president. Incidentally, Monta and her husband, Richard T. Crane, principal of the Litchfield Community High School, built a lovely new home in Sunshine Park in the summer of 1958.

And Maud Henrichs, the niece, who makes her home with her uncle and aunt, Henry and Winnie, contributing inspiring music to the worship hour for more than a decade, has served as choir director and church organist. No wonder that Winifred Henrichs happily declares: "We're all in the same church—and working!"

Not only is the Henrichs family loyal to and faithfully working in their local church, but seven of its members have received degrees from Eureka College, an institution of higher learning located in Eureka, Illinois. Those in the family who have graduated from this college include Maud Henrichs, Garth Henrichs, Madge Coleman Henrichs, Richard T. Crane, Monta Henrichs Crane, Ronald T. Prast, and Carolann Henrichs Prast.

No other family has so many members who are alumni of Eureka College. Interestingly, six of these seven found romance as well as education at Eureka. College sweethearts who later married and established their own happy homes include Garth and Madge Henrichs, Dick and Monta Crane, and Ron and Carolann Prast. For a number of years Garth has been a trustee of Eureka College.

Although Larry Henrichs, Garth's son, did not attend Eureka, he did attend Phillips University in Enid, Oklahoma. While in college in Enid, Larry met and married Miss Phyllis Hicks, a graduate of Oklahoma A. and M.,

and a girls' physical education teacher. They are the parents of three girls: Lorrie Lynn, five; Sherry Lee, three; Valerie Jean, one. They moved to Litchfield in July, 1957, to become associated with The House of Sunshine.

Tom, son of Richard and Monta Crane, and his young wife Sally Jo Pence, while still in college have identified themselves with The House of Sunshine in a useful capacity. The Cranes' daughter, Judy, finished high school in 1958 and is now attending Southern Illinois University.

When someone comments in Garth's presence that he is an outstanding civic and religious leader, he becomes embarrassed and smilingly shrugs, "Oh, I've done no more than many others have done." But he has been a leader in both local and national arenas for many years. Long active in the Community Chest, he for years was also head of the National Affairs Committee of the Litchfield Chamber of Commerce. From 1951 until 1953 he served as co-chairman of the vast community organization which planned for Litchfield's successful centennial celebration in 1953. About \$35,000 was raised for the project, which was one of the outstanding small-town celebrations of all time.

A Rotarian since 1938, Garth has been president of the local club; but the office in Rotary which brought him the highest personal satisfaction was the chairmanship of the International Contacts Committee. During his several years in this capacity, he created, through correspondence, a rich and rewarding friendship with many foreign Rotarians. So enthusiastic did he become that he persuaded the entire club to adopt correspondence with foreign Rotarians as a project.

When the so-called "Layman's Movement" began among the Disciples of Christ in 1945, a group of five men were named to a committee to lay the groundwork for this movement. Garth was one of these five, and he has since been

a popular speaker before state and district conventions of men of the church, as well as before conventions of business and professional men.

Having been a long-time member of the United Christian Missionary Society, Garth is now a member of the Mission Board of the National Council of Churches. From 1949 until 1951, he was state president for Illinois of the men's movement in his brotherhood; and for years has been instrumental in organizing local groups of churchmen. In 1956 he was a delegate to the First National Convention of Christian Men, and the same year was elected president of the United Church Men of Illinois, comprising twelve Protestant denominations.

Garth accepts seriously and humbly all of his opportunities for service in the church, both locally and nationally. Whether he is away from The House of Sunshine on a business trip as the principal outside contact man of the firm, or attending a laymen's convention or board meeting within his own church, he always upholds the same Christian principles that motivate him at home, and that pervade The House of Sunshine. He sincerely believes, as he says, that "Religion is not something to practice on Sundays and to forget the rest of the time."

As an outgrowth of his profound experiences as a lay leader in the church, Garth is the author of a booklet entitled *A Church Board at Work*, which presents a sound and practical series of studies related to many of the fundamental aspects of work in the local church. So popular was this treatise that it was reprinted seven times between 1941 and 1951. Although Garth is a Disciple, and although his booklet is published by the Christian Board of Publication, it recognizes no denominational limitations, and is worthy of thorough study by lay leaders of all faiths. Having been

translated into Spanish, it is widely employed in missionary and educational activities in the Latin-American countries.

Because of his radiant personality, and as a result of his broad experiences in both religious and business areas, Garth has frequently been invited to deliver addresses before conventions of businessmen. No matter what subject may be assigned him, he always manages to talk on some phase of goodwill and its contribution to business success.

So popular has this theme proved over the years that he has developed an outstanding address on the topic, *Business Is Built on Friendship*. Everywhere that this message has been delivered, there have been numerous requests for copies; and, to answer these demands, Garth has had the address published in booklet form, attractively printed and bound by The Sunshine Private Press. The printed version of the address, as does the spoken, concludes with a poem by an unnamed author, the philosophy of which is compatible with that of the Sunshine enterprises:

The happiest business in the world
Is that of making friends;
And no "investment" on "The Street"
Pays larger dividends.

For life is more than stocks and bonds,
And love, than rate per cent;
And he who gives in Friendship's name
Shall reap as he has spent.

Life is the great investment,
And no man lives in vain
Who guards a hundred friendships
As a miser guards his gain.

And Maud Henrichs echoes this sentiment when she declares: "We here at The House of Sunshine have never

been primarily concerned with making money. We have been interested in the job we were doing and in adding a bit of happiness and cheer along the way of life. As long as we had enough money to get by, we were happy."

This attitude is amply reflected in the firm's relationships with its employees. There are always gifts for anniversaries and other special occasions; and in addition to generous salaries, all employees receive substantial bonuses. Monetary remuneration, however, is not the primary reason for a happy and congenial staff; but rather, the friendly, wholesome atmosphere in which they work is conducive to personal satisfaction and individual fulfillment. Several of the staff members said to me, "I had rather work here at The House of Sunshine than anywhere else." And at least half of the employees have expressed to the Henrichs family the hope that they may continue to work at The House of Sunshine for the remainder of their working years.

The "Sunshine Family" is a happy group, whose congeniality is reflected in the comprehensive assortment of publications which flow outward from these classic walls.

XIX

A Million-Dollar Book



CAREFULLY unlocking a compartment in his desk, Henry F. Henrichs tenderly unwrapped a bulky object and handed it to me. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for that!" he exclaimed. I wondered why; but soon I knew.

A bit hesitantly, I reached out to take what he so graciously proffered. If he valued it so highly, it must indeed be something extraordinary, and I silently took it from him with a strong sense of humility and wonder, as though this man were voluntarily entrusting me with his most priceless possession. With mounting interest and keen anticipation I examined this treasure. What I held in my hands was a large book, thick and massive, beautifully bound in durable grained leather, a rich green in color. Carefully encased in a cellophane dust jacket to safeguard it from wear and handling, the book was a most attractive volume. Imprinted in gold on the cover were these notable words, set in classic type: » »

HENRY F. HENRICHS

This Is Your Book

Opening the cover, I discovered a photographic frontispiece showing the genial Henrichs working at his desk, and on the opposite page was the printed title:

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Presented to Mr. Henry F. Henrichs

on His 80th Birthday

October 17, 1956

PART OF GOD'S PLAN

What made us friends

In the long ago,

When first we met?

Well, I think I know.

The best in me,

And the best in you,

Hailed each other

Because they knew

That always and always,

Since life began,

Our being friends

Was part of God's plan.

Then I learned the story of this remarkable book. It was a spontaneous expression of love and veneration on the part of the Sunshine staff, who wanted to do "something special" for "the top man" on his eightieth birthday. Winifred Henrichs and other members of the family were let in on the secret. Long before the date of the birthday arrived, plans were under way. Every member of the Sunshine Directorate—a group of prominent men over the country, who serve as advisors to Henry F. Henrichs on matters of policy—and every former employee of The

House of Sunshine was invited to participate in a birthday surprise in honor of the founder of *Sunshine Magazine*. All current employees prepared tributes, as did members of the Henrichs family. These testimonials were mounted on sheets of fine paper and bound in leather.

Winifred Henrichs, knowing of the plan, innocently suggested to her husband that, since he had long been in the habit of presenting gifts to others on his birthday anniversaries, he give a noon luncheon in honor of the entire staff, thus enabling the "Sunshine Family" to be together for the occasion. Thinking this suggestion a splendid idea, he readily acquiesced. Making reservations for the luncheon in the famous "White Cottage" restaurant in nearby Raymond, Illinois, he invited the entire staff to be his birthday guests on October 17, 1956. Then, on that joyous occasion, he himself was made happy beyond measure by the sincere tributes of those who loved him and who had worked with him through the years.

I spent an entire afternoon with this book, feeling all the while that I was reading what was almost too personal for any eyes other than those of Henry F. Henrichs. Garth, coming into the office where I was being enthralled by these testimonials, commented that his father treasured this book very highly, and that very few people had been given an opportunity to examine it.

The numerous testimonials, most of them in the long-hand script of their writers, left me with a deeper appreciation of the life and work of Henry F. Henrichs than I had known before. Here was a man who was constantly radiating sunshine from his own life and sending it coursing through the lives of others—those far distant and those most closely associated with him. Every letter was a tribute to

the man; and I could readily understand why he, with his inherent modesty and humility, would hesitate to have others read these personal missives.

For the purpose of giving readers of this book a more profound insight into the life and work of the founder of The House of Sunshine, I shall present a representative selection from the testimonials presented to him on his eightieth birthday.

Members of the Sunshine Directorate responded enthusiastically to the invitation to add their personal tributes to their friend, Henry F. Henrichs. The late Russell Gordon Carter, former editor of the lamented *Youth's Companion*, author of the popular "Mr. Whatley Stories," published exclusively in *Sunshine Magazine*, whose home was in Newton, Massachusetts, wrote:

Knowing you since 1947, when stories of mine first began to appear in *Sunshine*, has been a memorable experience which I shall forever treasure.

So, on this important 80th—eighty years young!—Mr. Whatley and I send you our congratulations—and our love!

Elbert Hubbard II, son of the famous founder of The Roycrofters, of East Aurora, New York, added his tribute as follows: » »

Anyone who can survive eighty years of the ups and downs of life must have something more than just good digestion and a healthy body. He must have a philosophy and a faith that enables him to make proper estimates of relative values. Too, he must have control of his emotions.

These things I know you have in abundance, else you would not have come to this glorious eightieth birthday active and interested in all that goes on about you. I'm not too far behind you, but if I can reach that eightieth goal with my boots on and my vision clear the way you have done, I'll consider myself very fortunate.

. . . The world needs more men like you.

An elaborate letter came from Everett Wentworth Hill, of Polson, Montana, a well-known poet and author:

I do not believe it! But some one said that on October 17th you would reach four score years in this matter of age, as counted by the tick of the clock, the checking of days and the disappearance of months.

You surely have kept the clock of Time well wound and well oiled, for it has served you wonderfully over the space of four fifths of a century. And in serving you, you in turn have served your fellow man, and have given so much of yourself that we who know and love you realize how much we are indebted to your father and mother for giving you to our world of friendship.

I, personally, am so happy that our paths crossed, and that we have walked down the road of understanding and friendship, arm in arm, hearts in tune and conversing and smiling in the same language. You have given so much to me and to Cleo that we hold you in highest esteem and love.

May this day of yours, this day of achievement, this day of eighty well-filled years bring you the greatest happiness ever enjoyed by you. One thing, when you look back in remembrance, you do not have to stumble over misdeeds and falseness, for your life is an inspiration to all who know you and are fortunate enough to be counted as a friend.

Now for eighty more years—hope that I can last that long with you—I'll do my best as I "pant" my way along the trail—I will ask my heart to beat for me and for you, today, tomorrow, and for eternity.

An interesting page in the testimonial book is that written by Paul S. Imamura of Tokyo, a religious, civic, and educational leader of Japan, who also is a member of the Sunshine Directorate, and represents *Sunshine Magazine* in a commercial way in Japan. With his own hand he wrote his tribute—all in the Japanese language!

From Wilferd A. Peterson of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a popular inspirational and human-interest writer, came the following:

No other man in all the world has spread as much *Sunshine* as you have! » » »

This fact should give you a warm glow of personal satisfaction on your 80th birthday . . .

May your life shine on for many years!

And Hal W. and Violet Trovillion of Herrin, Illinois, operators of a unique private press specializing in rare publications, enclosed two poems and wrote this note:

On this beautiful 17th day of October, nineteen hundred and fifty-six, we knock at the door of *The House of Sunshine* with *A Wish* and *A Blessing* to pilot you into the delightful realm of *Octogenarianism* and remain, faithfully yours . . .

Colonel Edward Davis, a native of Litchfield, who has had a long and colorful career in the military and diplomatic service of his country and who, since his retirement, has become a writer, attempted a bit of poetry in his tribute to Henrichs, and sent the following verse from his home in Santa Barbara, California:

The people cheer, the bands play,
The flags are flying throughout the day.
Listen to the drums, the cymbals clang,
The trumpets blare, fireworks go bang.
What's all this fuss about? you say.
Why, don't you know? 'Tis Mr. Henrichs' birthday!

And at his home in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Robert Sparks Walker, the famed naturalist-author, compiled the following eloquent tribute:

You have long been bringing the kind of sunshine that makes people happier and better, and down through the years you have been helping build character in the lives of others in various parts of the world. Men and women in all walks of life are better because of your clean and unselfish life.

Today your eighty candles will shine with an unusually scintillating brilliance, but never so bright as the myriad of candles in your heart which will touch the spiritual lives long after we are gone . . .

Frederick Monhoff, the architect who drew the specifications for The House of Sunshine, now of Altadena, California, added his voice to the songs of praise as he wrote:

It is a pleasure to join with you in the celebration of your 80th birthday anniversary. It must be, indeed, a day of great contentment for you as you look back over the years given to the service of your ideal, and to its establishment. The human relationships that are so rich a harvest of your work are a true fulfillment, and a rare one, being, as they are, a reward of human faith in human beings. In a world such as ours the faith of a few is the only thing that seems likely to save the many of no faith. May your work, so abundantly on the right side of faith, prosper as always before, and may you have the good fortune of health and peace in which to enjoy it and spread its benefits before your numerous and grateful readers in many lands of the world . . .

From Evanston, Illinois, Bonnie and Jerry Mitchell, the latter of whom is the "radio editor" of *Sunshine Magazine*, whose daily broadcasts contribute immeasurably to the more widespread dissemination of the message of *Sunshine*, wrote:

Again and again, we've thanked God for having given us the joy of knowing you as a personal friend and a wonderful employer » »

The radio programs Jerry has been doing for *Sunshine* . and for you have influenced our lives and our way of thinking in more ways than you can ever know—in our attitudes and action toward our neighbors and families, toward work and success and failure, and yes, even toward our handicaps.

And we're just two among the millions, Mr. Henrichs, whose lives have been made better and happier because of you and your work . . .

Although a number of former employees of The House of Sunshine were exuberant in their praise of and appreciation for Henry F. Henrichs, we shall not present quotations from their letters, but instead we shall move on through the

priceless pages of this book to the section devoted to testimonials from present employees, from whose many tributes we shall cite a few representative examples.

Mason Bouillon, a young man who for years entertained the ambition of some day working at The House of Sunshine and who now has no desire to work anywhere else, wrote:

From your first *Golden Dawn* to the *Sunshine* of today the world has been eminently richer. It would be hard to imagine just how much influence you have had in making all of humanity happier.

Your philosophy of living life a "Better Way" has been both a challenge and an inspiration.

I personally have carried this one thought with me since the first days of our friendly association—that you are the greatest coach of all, in the greatest game of all, the game of life . . .

And Wendell Savage:

It would be impossible to estimate the amount of good which has been derived by so many from your personal hobby, *Sunshine Magazine*, and your many other publications. I know that your plans and dreams for Sunshine Park will eventually come true and make Litchfield a more beautiful and inspiring place . . .

And Rella Costley:

Sometimes I wonder if you realize how much sunshine and happiness goes to the hearts of so many, many people just because of you. I wish everyone could be given the opportunity of knowing you. You, whose friends love you for the person you are—your grateful heart, thoughtful mind, friendly smile, kindly words, helpful hand, and your loyal and heroic spirit, always doing so much for others and never expecting anything in return. I'm sure God will always bestow his richest blessings on you.

Mr. Henrichs, I think when God makes folks he singles out a few and gives them something extra to share with other folks. I think this is true of you and the wonderful Henrichs family » »

And Vara Bertolino:

It gives me much pleasure on this your 80th birthday to send you my good wishes for many more years of health, happiness, and success—and especially the realization of the plans and dreams which I know are so dear to your heart.

And Juanita ("Penny") Penman:

I am very happy to write this note to you, Mr. Henrichs. You are a wonderful person, and I hope, with God's help, I can be more like you as each day passes.

With all sincerity,
I send along today,
A Happy Birthday, Mr. Henrichs,
In a very special way.
I hope your day will be so nice,
And all your dreams come true;
I wish you all the happiness to come—
In everything you do!

And Olinda Flitz Pluhm:

Life is, without a doubt, a gift; and yet, each one must endeavor that it be an accomplishment and not a failure. Surely, I can say that you have made your gift of life into an enduring accomplishment that has unselfishly brought happiness into the souls of many.

And so, I wish you a very happy birthday as you start forward on a new span of life—an advancement which may yet be the years of greater fulfillment and realized dreams.

It has been good to know and work for your organization, and to have a small part in helping to keep "the wheels turning" for *Sunshine Magazine* and *Sunshine Bookettes*.

And Selma Shepherd:

To look back over the years must give you a wonderful sense of achievement—to look ahead you can see the challenge of many new ideas and plans that are crowding your thoughts.

I well remember how you always sprinted up the steps in the Pappmeier Building. The years may have slowed the sprint a bit, but not you yourself.

And Edith Bryant:

Since I am in the *Sunshine* office I know that your life's work has been a help and an inspiration to people everywhere.

In the daily routine of work, whether it is the renewal of a subscription or a change of address, the writer often adds a few words praising *Sunshine*. I find that many who love *Sunshine* most have had more than their share of sorrow and misfortune » »

So the many, many hours you have spent planning ahead, writing and sharing your talents with others, have indeed been very fruitful » »

And Ursula Garbe:

I have been living in this country for only a few years. I hope to become an American citizen before very long. However, it took me less time than this in my association with you, your staff, and publication business, to realize I had met a truly great man. As I was associated with you longer, and as I learned more of your past life from others, never from you, I became even more aware of the truly fine Christian citizen that you are. I have learned of the good things you have done for others in our community, as well as distant places. I have learned that your interests, your work, and your sacrifices have never been selfish, although you have had great success in your chosen business.

For the above reasons and many others, on your birthday I want to tell you that you are an inspiration to a former German war victim like me, as I know you have been to many other people. I feel very privileged to be associated with you, your wonderful family, and your fine business. My birthday gift to you is a big thank you, a grateful heart, and prayer for your continued good health.

And Thelma Putnam, who undertook a bit of poetry as the vehicle for voicing her tribute to the "Sunshine Man":

Ho! Mr. Editor, tell us if you can
How you manage to be such a versatile man!
Do you rise in the morning at the first peep of dawn
To drive through the park before breakfast is on?
And while ordinary folk are just dreaming dreams,
Are you dreaming up architectural schemes?

You turn editorials out by the dozen,
 Talk on the phone while the buzzer's a-buzzin';
 And sometimes we've caught you fixing a door,
 Or a window that sticks, or a place in the floor.
 You counsel with Sunshine and speed Publication,
 But still take heed to affairs of the nation.
 We thought we would check with your helpmeet and spouse,
 But she vows you're the best man on earth 'round the house.
 "An example to all," says your church and your preacher—
 A gentleman—scholar—musician and teacher—
 The kindest of fathers—a grandfather true—
 A prince of a boss—even Jade loves you, too!
 Your laughter is hearty—you number your friends
 From people close by and at the earth's ends.
 For a man of your birthdays you put us to shame,
 So we vote you a place in the hallways of fame.
 While speaking of birthdays—here's one at your door—
 We pray God to give you many years more!

Honorable William G. Stratton, Governor of Illinois,
 in a note to "the Sunshine Man":

It is my understanding that you will observe your eightieth
 birthday on October 17, and I want to take this opportunity
 to extend my congratulations and best wishes. I hope this
 note finds you in good health and that your birthday is a
 happy one. May God bless you in the years that lie ahead.

There are letters from the Henrichs family, also, in this
 treasure trove of testimonials; but they are too personal,
 too affectionate for our eyes. They are for him alone.

Strangely moved as I turned the last page of this lovely
 book, I sat quietly at my desk in The House of Sunshine
 and attempted to comprehend the significance of what I had
 read. Here, in these pages, were intimate glimpses of a
 truly great man—a humble, modest, quiet, Christian man
 who would be the last on earth to recognize that there are
 any elements of greatness within him. Here was the man
 who repeatedly insisted, during my ten days at The House

of Sunshine, that he had no story to tell. Here were portraits of the man whose fertile dreaming had brought into being *Sunshine Magazine*, the vast army of goodwill publications, the inspiring series of Sunshine Bookettes, and The House of Sunshine itself. Yet, in his own eyes, he has no story to tell! » »

As I reverently closed the book, I recognized that these intimate tributes, only a sampling of which I have shared with you, came spontaneously and eagerly from hearts who have been stirred and enriched through their contacts with Henry F. Henrichs and with the principles to which he has dedicated his life.

No story to tell, no claim to greatness? Why, the man who can transplant his own noble ideals into the hearts and lives of others, who can add a bit of happiness to human life, who can inspire others by the sheer motivation of his own personality, who is able to discover a silver lining in every dark cloud, who admits no shadows that sunshine cannot dispel—such a man possesses an inspiring story, indeed; and verily he stands upon the threshold of greatness.

Already, the staff members had completed their work for the day and had departed from The House of Sunshine. But I knew that Henry Henrichs was still upstairs in his office. In the tranquil quietude of the evening, in the soft twilight, I ascended the winding stairway and entered into his presence. Reverently I laid *Letters of Appreciation* upon his desk: "I feel that I have been treading upon sacred soil," I said to him » »

Tenderly taking the book in his hands, he replied: "It's sacred to me. I treasure this book more highly than any amount of money."

And there was a trace of mistiness in his eyes, and a bit of huskiness in his voice.

XX

Sunshine in the Soul



BACK once again in the lovely reception room after our tour through The House of Sunshine, you may wish to browse through the attractive collection of books which are on display here, or you may wish to make selections from the listings of Sunshine Bookettes, thus taking with you in tangible form some of the sunshine which you have found in this place. Or, you may prefer to sit for awhile on one of the comfortable settees, while you relax and enjoy the restfulness and peace of the fernery and the stately grandeur of the entire room. You are invited to tarry awhile.

The House of Sunshine is a place of quietude, a place of tranquil beauty, a place of inspiration, a place where one's thoughts are lifted above the sordidness of the world and made to soar. Perhaps, after all, this strikingly impressive edifice is what its builder dreamed it might be—"an American Taj Mahal."

Before you depart, you are invited to inscribe your name

and address in the Guest Log which rests upon the little table near the main entrance. Here in this book, and in its numerous predecessors, have been written scores of thousands of names of visitors from all over the world, who, in their recorded comments, have been prodigal in their praise of The House of Sunshine. One has only to read a few of these inscriptions, either here or in "The Guest Log," a regular feature in *Sunshine Magazine*, to be impressed by the spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm with which guests record their reactions to what they have seen within these splendid walls » »

There are some visitors who return year after year, like pilgrims journeying to a shrine, stating that The House of Sunshine grows lovelier with each visit. There are many others who come here only once, and say that their visit has been the mountain-top experience of their lifetime. All, regardless of who they are or where they come from, are lavish in their ecstatic praise. From all over the United States; from the farthest reaches of the Western Hemisphere; from the palm-fronded islands of the sea; and from the teeming cities, the impenetrable jungles, the mountain fastnesses, and the blazing deserts of remote foreign lands, they come—come to pay fervent tribute to this "temple of art and beauty."

The message of *Sunshine* has sought them out, wherever they live, and has inspired them; and, when the opportunity has presented itself, they have joyfully journeyed to Litchfield to enter the portals of The House of Sunshine. In quest of the secret of the power that emanates from *Sunshine Magazine*, they find it here.

This was notably demonstrated when on a beautiful day in June of 1952, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Doyé, of Waco, Texas, undertook a two-thousand-mile "honeymoon" trip to Litch-

field to celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary in The House of Sunshine. *Sunshine Magazine* commented on the incident as follows:

They came in the fervor of newlyweds. There were some delightful days on the road. Sunday morning, June 29, was bright and golden, as if made to order for the event. The nuptial group attended religious services in the morning, and then remained as guests at The House of Sunshine until the evening hours, exchanging felicitations and reminiscences of fifty golden years. Early the next morning they departed southward with the love of new-found friends and a new incentive for life » »

Visitors to The House of Sunshine agree with the exclamation of the famed wood-carver, Victor Berlendis, on his first visit—"Such simple beauty!" Some guests are voluble in their appreciation of the loveliness, the quietude, the quaint artistry, and the symbolic idealism which are everywhere manifest. "It's like fairyland!" exclaim some visitors, whereas others say, "It's out of this world!" Still others may be too deeply impressed to express their true feelings in words. These are the ones who are likely to walk about, intently absorbing the beauty, but scarcely speaking » »

And when they sign the Guest Log, they write: "The House of Sunshine is a temple of beauty, a place of joy." Or, "I am so glad I came; this has meant everything to me!" Or, "I have traveled across the United States to see The House of Sunshine, and I am so glad that I came." Or, "I have been around the world, and this has been an outstanding highlight of all my travels." Or, "This is a place where dreams have come true!"

Occasionally, a guest expresses surprise that The House of Sunshine is located in the small town of Litchfield. For

such questions there is an answer. Hand-lettered on the lovely redgum panels of the east wall in the reception room is a poem by Edgar Frank—now concealed behind the majestic Berkshire breakfront which adorns this area. In earlier years, this poem would be pointed out to questioning guests, who therein would receive their answer:

“How can you live in Goshen?”
Said a friend from afar;
“This wretched country town,
Where folk talk little things all year
And plant their cabbage by the moon!”

Said I:
“I do not live in Goshen—
I eat here, sleep here, work here;
I live in Greece,
Where Plato taught,
And Phidias carved,
And Epictetus wrote.
I dwell in Rome,
Where Michelangelo wrought in color, form, and mass;
Where Cicero penned immortal lines;
And Dante sang undying songs.

“Think not my life is small
Because you see a puny place;
I have my books, I have my dreams;
A thousand souls have left for me
Enchantment that transcends both time and place.
And so, I live in Paradise—
Not here.”

Verily, the man who is fast enchained by the boundaries of his own environment is a prisoner indeed. But the man who transcends his limitations by the questing of his mind knows no barriers. He can range throughout the world, and he can dwell wherever he wills. The thoughts of the world's great thinkers; the adventures of the world's fear-

less explorers; the music of the world's great composers; the masterpieces of the world's great artists; the vast expanses of the earth itself, with its towering mountains, its restless seas, its verdant valleys, its magnificent forests, its sand-rippled deserts, its luxuriant jungles, its bustling and towering cities—all these are his. So what does it matter if he does reside in Goshen—or in Litchfield? The whole world becomes his because he makes it so.

Although Henry F. Henrichs is modest and unassuming, he is made happy by knowing that others derive pleasure from his creations. Reluctant to appear to be giving himself "a pat on the back," he has attempted several times to discontinue the regular features, "Love Letters" and "The Guest Log," in *Sunshine Magazine*; but so many protests have been voiced that these personal words of appreciation from subscribers and visitors have been reinstated in its columns » »

Perhaps Henrichs regards most highly the evaluation made of The House of Sunshine by Roberta Langtry who came with a group of travelers from Toronto, Canada, to this cultural shrine:

Everywhere we go, we visit places which claim to be "the biggest," "the best," "the most unique," and so on. Now we come to The House of Sunshine, which really is unique, but it makes no boasts about its uniqueness. It is wonderful to discover a place where unusual beauty exists in miniature.

Treasured, too, is the comment overheard by Henrichs one day while he was working quietly in the shrubbery beside the flagstone pathway at The House of Sunshine. A group of visitors came out of the building, and, never dreaming that the workman beside the path was the founder and creator of all this loveliness, they were sharing their

impressions. One of them stated simply: "This is the most beautiful place we have seen in all our travels." And Henrichs, with soiled hands and rumpled clothing, smiled quietly, happily to himself.

Often the poetry in wood and stone and glass that comprises The House of Sunshine calls out to the poetry in the soul, with the result that visitors and *Sunshine* subscribers frequently send in bits of verse that have been inspired by this classic edifice. A typical response to the beauty of The House of Sunshine is that of Mrs. B. M. Sharkey of Bellaire, Texas, who wrote:

I saw The House of Sunshine first,
I think, in fifty-one;
The memory lingers in my heart,
Though days and years are gone.
Like treasures that are stored away,
The edifice appears,
A lovely spot, a memory fond,
A treasure for the years!

And Mural P. Watkins, English instructor and musician of Litchfield, penned a combined tribute to Henrichs and to his creation in her verse, "A Tribute to the Builder!":

A dream he had . . . the Builder,
A plan of rare delight;
He'd build The House of Sunshine
Some day, some way . . . but right!
Today it stands . . . the Dream House,
Wood symphony, a shrine!
Without, within, is beauty,
So quaint, yet charm sublime! . . .

But perhaps the finest poetic testimonial among all those that have been submitted is one composed by a San Francisco octogenarian, the late Mrs. Della J. Wheeler, who, although she had never been to Litchfield, wrote, a brief

time before her death: "I would be very happy if I could visit The House of Sunshine and absorb its beauties. I should come away feeling so rich; my soul would be overflowing with joy, which could not be taken away from me." And her "Tribute to The House of Sunshine" has captured in words the true spirit and philosophy of this shrine dedicated to the promulgation of the good, the true, and the beautiful in life:

A toast to The House of Sunshine,
In its setting amid the flowers;
From every side and angle
It sends out golden hours
To make a bright day brighter,
Turn a gray day into gold,
And to radiate joy unstinting,
Alike to young and old.

So, here's to The House of Sunshine
From devotees near and far;
May its sunshine glow eternal,
Like the constant Evening Star,
To brighten this darkened planet
With the joy that sunshine gives;
All life will be enriched because
The House of Sunshine lives.

We would like to tarry here and continue our enjoyment of this quaint, artistic place, but we must now be on our way. The cordial friendliness of Monta Crane, the receptionist, and of the other staff members, has made us feel completely at home here, and we are reluctant to depart. Now Monta graciously distributes folders, brochures, or printed epigrams that will serve as mementos of our inspiring visit to The House of Sunshine. Our good-byes said, we now turn to leave » »

On the redgum paneling beside the exit from the recep-

tion room we notice a hand-lettered epigram which, because of its placement, perhaps escaped us as we entered. It reads: "If you are not happier when you leave than when you came in, we have failed."

No, we think, there certainly has been no failure here. For we leave this place much happier than when we came. Its beauty pervades our souls, its spirit has flooded our hearts with light, and its quiet dignity has brought us a sense of calm and peace.

Now, the faint musical tones of the Swedish door harp enfold us and cheer us on our way, as we open and close the main front door. This tour through the classic halls and busy rooms of The House of Sunshine has been for us a memorable experience. We have been inspired by the idealism reflected in the numerous poignant mottoes which we have read upon these stately walls, and our esthetic hungers have been nourished by the simple beauty of the colorful murals and by the sweeping grandeur of corridors, walls, and rooms, in all of which artists in wood and glass and oils have waved their magic wands of creativity to bring forth beauty everywhere.

This is a place where dreams have come true, where ideals have flowered richly into profusion, where visions have produced tangibilities, where hopes and purposes and plans have made themselves felt—where faith and aspiration and optimism, cheer and love and integrity have united to send forth into the world a voluminous cascade of all that is wholesome and enriching and inspiring in human life.

There is no other place in all the world like The House of Sunshine, nor is there any other message comparable to that of *Sunshine Magazine*. A unique institution in its quaint attractiveness and in its functional beauty, The House of Sunshine recognizes one predominant purpose in its ex-

istence—that of radiating light and joy upon the pathways which men traverse through life. Truly we have been inspired and ennobled by our visit to this “little Taj Mahal.” It has not failed in its purpose to reflect happiness and cheer upon all who enter these classic portals.

Now we walk along the flagstone pathway through the natural beauties of Sunshine Court, our souls flooded with an inner radiance. And, all about us, the world is bathed in glorious sunlight.

For now there is sunshine in our souls!

PART THREE

Looking Unto The Hills



*I am a dreamer . . . I like to
be busy—building, creating.*

—HENRY F. HENRICHS

XXI

From Brambles To Beauty



It was not long after The House of Sunshine was completed in 1940 that Henry F. Henrichs began to expand his dreams to encompass still wider horizons. With a spacious new building, and with a staff of only eight or ten persons, it could hardly be contended that there was a pressing necessity for expansion of the facilities of the firm. The following years, however, brought rapid increases in the volume of business done by the establishment, until, as early as the mid-forties, Henrichs began to cast about for a possible future location when the business should outgrow its new quarters.

Then, in 1948, opportunity came knocking. For some time, he had had his eyes upon a ten-acre tract located at the eastern edge of Litchfield between East Union Avenue and East Ryder Street, and immediately east of Locust Street; but it was owned by the heirs of the Davis estate, and everyone knew that they were not interested in selling

the property. Numerous efforts had been made to purchase some or all of the plot, only to meet with failure.

Finally, Henrichs approached his long-time friend, Captain David Davis, with a proposal to purchase all or a portion of the tract of land opposite their home place. While Captain Davis did not turn a deaf ear to the proposal, he gave the oft-repeated answer that the tract was not for sale, because the heirs expected to "give it to the city for a public park someday" » »

Henrichs was not daunted. He consulted the brother, Colonel Edward Davis, retired army officer, then of Evanston, Illinois. But Henrichs met with the same objection.

"Colonel," ventured Henrichs, "do you know any town the size of Litchfield that ever had enough money to maintain a park?" » »

"I never thought of that," replied Davis. Then, after a few moments of silence, the Colonel exclaimed, "I tell you—knowing what you have done for Litchfield with your House of Sunshine, if you will agree to bring your enterprise to our tract, and not break it up into filling stations, road houses, or the like, I will see what can be done."

It was agreed, and soon these ten acres became the property of the Henrichs organization, along with two acres of adjoining property purchased from another owner. At the time of its purchase, the tract was far from being a thing of beauty. Grass and weeds grew profusely on its gentle slopes, reaching to overhead height in many places. The fencerow along the street was a matted thicket; and brambles and briars and dense undergrowth rendered the wooded section almost impenetrable.

But Henrichs and his family had visions of the natural beauty that could be uncovered in this spot. They did not wait to develop the property until the time came when they

actually needed it for the expansion of their enterprise, but instead began at once to make inroads upon the tangled undergrowth and to clear the meadowland of its tall grass and rank weeds » »

Gradually, the true natural beauty of the tract began to appear. Through the western sector of the property an attractive little brook, known as Mill Creek, meanders from north to south, its gently sloping banks crowded with a variety of trees that comprise a primeval forest. These have not been disturbed, except that their true stateliness has been emphasized by the removal of brambles and undergrowth that formerly covered the ground with a thick matting. Now these forest sentinels stand erect and dignified, lifting their branches high above the earth, and providing a canopy of green for the little stream that gurgles happily at their feet. In the foreground stand the unique twin hackberries with their trunks coiled in affectionate embrace in three complete circumferences, as featured on the *Sunshine* cover for January, 1958.

Bisecting the central meadow area is a spacious avenue of American elms, some of which may eventually have to be sacrificed to provide space for the future home of The House of Sunshine. The driveway from the park entrance sweeps gracefully up a gentle incline facing the spreading Sacred Elm, so named because of its seven large branches flowing from its huge central trunk, in the manner of a seven-branch candelabrum. One of these stately mammoths of the forest, spreading its branches high and wide, is the Cathedral Elm, truly a splendid specimen. J. M. Benson, of the Davey Tree Expert Company, has declared this tree to be the finest of its species that has come to his notice anywhere in the United States.

Marching in single file on either side of it are its com-

panions, hardly less stately than their monarch. One beholds a charming vista, indeed, when he walks among these patriarchs and surveys the surrounding meadow through the canopy of their leaves, supported by the magnificently gnarled and massive trunks.

Over the magnificent laurel-oak grove which stands near the quiet stream reigns its king, Old Thorny, a mammoth honey-locust which is said to be at least 150 years old. In addition to these natural wooded slopes, a number of recent plantings have become well established.

Here and there on the forested knolls, and in the open meadow, are clusters of small white sugar maples which, although only a few years old, blaze with crimson glory when the fingers of frost touch them in the autumn. These saplings were procured from the Elise Chapin Wildlife Sanctuary near Chattanooga, Tennessee, through the courtesy of Robert Sparks Walker, executive director of the sanctuary and member of the Sunshine Directorate.

There are also plantings of bladdernuts, Chinese chestnuts, and big shellbark hickorynuts—all the gifts of Walker, who is taking a personal interest in the development of Sunshine Park, just as he has made of his Chattanooga sanctuary one of nature's paradises.

A prize planting in a prominent location near the street is a sapling which is a descendant of the famed "Charter Oak" of Colonial days in which was hidden the charter of Connecticut Colony to keep it from falling into the hands of the unfriendly colonial governor. This "grandson" of the old Charter Oak, the gift of the city of Hartford to Sunshine Park at the instigation of Walker, was grown from a tiny acorn that was gathered in 1949 from the oak tree which grew from an acorn gathered from the original tree in 1847. This sapling is a white oak, and will develop

to maturity in about 200 years, a worthy descendant of its historic ancestor » »

Already a modest beginning has been made toward the creation of the "Garden of the States," in which Henrichs hopes to grow the official state flower of every state in the Union. These are to be the gifts of the states themselves to Sunshine Park » »

Near the front of the property is a large area which has been developed as a formal garden, with attractive plantings of flowers and shrubs—many of them native to the area, but others of which are rare and exotic. In this sector are the beginnings of tranquil pools and playful fountains.

One may be refreshed and invigorated by a leisurely stroll through these forested avenues, across the rolling meadow, and along the pathways which traverse the formal garden. Or one may drive, if he prefers, over the winding roadway that has been plotted to wend its way through the forest area and across the eastern perimeter of the meadow.

Here and there along the course of Mill Creek, stone and concrete dams have been constructed, and an occasional stone bridge arches gracefully above the shimmering water impounded by the dams. Here is fun for the skater in mid-winter. Even today, in its early stages of development, Sunshine Park is an ideal place for a leisurely ramble.

In discussing the progress being made in the development of Sunshine Park, Henrichs wryly comments: "I suppose you could say that I am a very poor businessman. We bought these twelve acres ten years ago, and they are costly to maintain and beautify. So you see, Sunshine Park is a financial liability that's costing us heavily; but it's worth it in beauty and satisfaction."

But this tract could be disposed of for a large sum of money at any time if such a step should appear desirable.

Nevertheless, Henrichs is not interested in what he can get out of this property, but in what he can put into it to make it beautiful and appealing both in its natural grandeur and in its man-made elegance. Nothing short of a paradise will do for the future home of The House of Sunshine.

Here, on this sunlit knoll and in these wooded acres, a dream is slowly being born.*

*Since this book was put in process, an additional acreage of rolling landscape was added to the park, completing a natural tract of sixteen acres.

XXII

There Can Be No Defeat



IN a large closet in his second-floor office, Henry F. Henrichs keeps big bundles of papers on which are a wide variety of drawings and sketches, some of which are the products of his own hand, whereas others have been produced by staff artists, and still others represent the efforts of professional architects. Here, on paper, are recorded in tangible form the dreams that have coursed through the fertile mind of this man who envisions still more beautiful things for the future.

Here are perspective drawings and floor plans of the original House of Sunshine, along with a number of conceptions that were rejected in favor of the one that actually was constructed. Here, too, are Henrichs' own sketches for the new printshop, constructed during the spring and early summer of 1957. When it became apparent that architectural difficulties would prevent the immediate launching of

a building program in Sunshine Park, crowded conditions in The House of Sunshine made it imperative that steps be taken to procure more room for operations. As Henrichs himself rather humorously phrased it in the September, 1957, issue of *Sunshine*:

Necessity may be the "mother of invention," but unless the gods provide a modern Samson to push out the walls when necessity demands, it devolves upon the powers that be to do something about it » »

This is precisely what occurred at The House of Sunshine when its badly congested condition became untenable. Hence, a new graphic arts building has sprung up in the line of The House of Sunshine group, designed in the Early American theme of architecture, of pioneer clay and glass brick construction, and sun-gold roof. The new structure is a printer's delight » »

The exterior has an ornated frieze and a frescoed front gable and sunglow rear gables. . . .

For this structure, which increased the floor space of The House of Sunshine by approximately one third, Henrichs himself drew the plans and formulated the specifications. Likewise, he has been busy in recent years with proposals for a new House of Sunshine to be erected in Sunshine Park. Initial plans called for the removal, intact, of the present House of Sunshine to its new home in the park; but this project has been abandoned on the advice of architects. Consequently, a new, larger, and more ornate House of Sunshine is contemplated.

The program calls for a cluster of six or seven separate buildings, all of a harmonious line of traditional classic architecture. There will be, of course, the stately central structure, flanked by an administration building, a printshop, a library and bookshop, the Sunshine Museum, a replica of the Benjamin Franklin printing office, a music tower, a garden house, and possibly a school of graphic arts.

All of these structures will be connected by colonnades of a style reminiscent of a medieval monastery. With the various buildings scheduled for erection in the central meadow area of Sunshine Park, most of the trees will thus remain to grace the surroundings. An artificial lagoon is planned to serve as a reflecting basin for the buildings, as well as fulfilling an esthetic function of its own. Landscaping will feature profuse plantings of many varieties of shrubs and flowers, all of which will enhance the natural loveliness of the park.

When the new printshop was completed in the summer of 1957, a Litchfield banker remarked to Henrichs: "You could have got by with a building costing only half as much as this one," to which Henrichs replied: "Yes, that is so. When we built the original section of The House of Sunshine, we could have put up four walls and a flat roof, and we could have got by with that. But we wanted something more than the mere essentials. We wanted something that would appeal to the artistic nature of man, to the esthetic part of his being. We always try to do the best possible in everything we undertake."

Accordingly, the new House of Sunshine and its component buildings will not be simple and severe and unattractive. Instead, they will embody those architectural and esthetic devices most likely to inspire, to elevate, and to enrich the beholder. In short, they will be dreams brought to fruition in stone, brick, wood, and glass.

Whereas the central eminence of Sunshine Park is to be allocated as the site of the new Sunshine group of buildings, other sectors of the park are to be utilized as residential areas in which members of the Henrichs family and certain key employees are to erect new homes, which, together with the various units of the Henrichs business enterprise, are to be

known as "Sunshine Village." Henry and Winifred Henrichs are planning their new home in a sector called "Sunny Slopes." It borders a wooded hillside that descends gently into the ravine in which Nature is in its eloquence. There the little stream sings and sings.

Two buildings have already been constructed in Sunshine Park, but they are not representative of the classic architecture or of the elegance that will characterize the new House of Sunshine and its auxiliary edifices. Near the southern extremity of the property is located the Utility House, and nestling quietly among the laurels, half-concealed among the trees, is the so-called "summer cottage," designed by Henrichs and erected in 1955 for the convenience and pleasure of Sunshine employees. Comparatively small but well-appointed, this structure is popular as a rustic retreat for wiener roasts, barbecues, and other semi-outdoor entertainments. Equipped with lighting, heating, and refrigeration facilities, the cottage also affords overnight accommodations. A visitor has named this building "The Hansel and Gretel House," because of its legendary charm.

At the southern extremity of the laurel grove is the covered bridge crossing Mill Creek. It is modeled after the Ammonoosuc bridge in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, noted for its beauty. Building a covered bridge is a departure from the current trend of eradicating such structures. But things in Sunshine Park are different in many respects » »

Across the stream to the west, accessible by means of a foot bridge, is to be built the Sunshine Chapel, a unique octagonal edifice which will nestle among the trees, and whose towering central spire will mingle with the rustling leaves that will surround it. Providing seating accommodations for forty or fifty persons, the chapel will be open for

prayer and meditation by people of all faiths, and it likely will become a popular site for casual weddings. To be built of wooden beams, it will be adorned with art-glass windows in all of its eight walls.

Sketches of this proposed chapel have appeared on *Sunshine* covers at various times, and readers have been enthusiastic in their response to its simple beauty and its esthetic appeal. And when a miniature replica of Sunshine Chapel was erected on the lawn of The House of Sunshine for the Christmas season, 1957, to serve as an amplification center for the broadcasting of carols and other seasonal music, it created much comment, especially in the evenings, when inside lights glowed through the small multi-colored art-glass windows.

In its architectural beauty and in reverent atmosphere this chapel will personify the Christian principles that have always motivated the Henrichs enterprises. "God has been very good to us," Henrichs frequently exclaims; and, in appreciation and gratitude, he will erect a lovely forest sanctuary for Him.

These are a few of the dreams that have been entertained in the mind of Henry Henrichs. Often, when alone in his secluded upstairs office, he enters the spacious closet and brings out armfuls of drawings and plans. These he may spread out on all available desks and tables, and lovingly peruse them with minute care. As he studies them, he may think of alterations that will improve the original concept, and these he writes down for future evaluation.

Again, he may bring out his drawings in order to share them with friends; and his enthusiasm readily becomes contagious. Here, recorded on paper—in pencil and ink and color—are the dreams this man has had. As he pores over them, pointing out to his visitors the incomparably beautiful

and unique elements which he hopes to incorporate into his envisioned structures, he may abruptly turn to his companions and musingly comment in his quiet, pleasing voice, "Oh, I wish I were twenty-five years younger!"

His dreams are not those of an octogenarian, but of a much younger man who eagerly peers into the boundless future and believes that nothing is impossible. And here is a man who, although eighty-two, still dares to hope that he will one day behold the new House of Sunshine, grand, splendid, and inspiring. At his age, most men have long since ceased to dream, and have turned their thoughts inward and backward to the days of yesteryear. But for Henry F. Henrichs the future holds all the challenge that there is in life, for he has conquered the past and has mastered the present—and now there is only the beckoning future. Within the portals of that future, this man will build his visions.

Solitary in his office, with drawings and sketches spread before him, he is alone with his dreams. He is never happier than when he can steal a few moments from his editorial and business responsibilities in order to let his mind soar and his vision conceive. And sometimes he permits his eyes to gaze wistfully into space—he is looking unto the hills, on which he can already envision the classic walls and soaring towers of a new House of Sunshine—rising—rising—stone upon stone—

Not for long will his dreams remain confined to sketches and drawings on sheets of paper, stored within a closet. Soon they will take up their abode amid the grassy meadows and whispering forests of Sunshine Park, there to be miraculously transformed into realities.

For a man who persistently looks unto the hills in faith, there can be no defeat—only victory, ultimate and glorious.

XXIII

"The Best Is Yet to Come"



LOWLY we strolled along the shadowy pathways in the forests of Sunshine Park, Henry F. Henrichs and I. He had driven his Cadillac through the wooded aisles and then had brought it to a stop, saying, "Let's get out and walk. The best way to see the beauty of this place is on foot." So we walked beside the brook, and across the foot bridges, and along the curved footpaths through the avenues of trees.

Across the stream he showed me the clearing at a second level above the creek, where the Sunshine Chapel will be erected; and farther on through the woods, Garth's and Monta's homes. Then, recrossing the ravine, we followed a path that soon brought us to the door of the summer cottage. We went in, and he pointed out the features of this rustic building where friendly recreation and fellowship are emphasized.

At last, out across the meadows, to stand in awe of the

huge American elms which march like stately giants down an avenue of sylvan beauty. These mammoth, ancient trees bear the marks of time, and here and there is one on which a tree surgeon has worked in an effort to prolong its life. Then through the formal plantings of shrubs and across the Garden of the States. Then a brief visit to the tiny descendant of the famed Charter Oak, and then to the north of the avenue of elms and laurels for an enjoyment of the ever present verdant vistas.

"I can already see it here," he said in his quiet, musical voice. "The new House of Sunshine will stand there," and he pointed with an outstretched hand to the crest of the meadowed incline. Then, in graphic language, he began to describe the building—its towers and turrets, its circular rooms, its peaked roofs, its sweeping colonnades uniting it with its near neighbors, the other buildings housing the varied activities of the Henrichs enterprises, all of which would be of a like pattern, with congenial architectural lines. Here would be color and beauty and dignity, and the sweep of majestic contours created in stone and wood. These would certainly be no ordinary buildings, but structures of incomparable loveliness—a fitting and elegant crown for this broad hilltop.

"Yes," he said; "I can already see it here—the whole grand sweep of it."

Marveling at his enthusiasm and at the preciseness and ardor with which he described the shape of his dreams, I could only exclaim: "I can certainly believe that you see it, Mr. Henrichs; for now I can see it, too. You have made it very real and beautiful to me."

And as I listened to his soft, ardent voice, and noted the glow of anticipation on his expressive countenance, I thought of Shaemas O'Shell's lines:

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable
marches;
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing
star;
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefields in a flashing and golden car.

Here, in truth, was a man possessed by a dream.

Then, as we strolled across the meadow, he talked animatedly of his plans—of how he hoped that construction might soon be started; of his determination not to imperil the security of the Henrichs enterprises by incurring a huge indebtedness, but rather to construct one building at a time on a cash basis until the entire magnificent Sunshine Village is completed; of how his whole life now is channeled into this one purpose of constructing the new House of Sunshine as soon as possible; of his dominant desire to live long enough to touch the reality of his dreams.

For some reason, at this juncture I thought of Garth's statement to me: "We have said that the present House of Sunshine will never be finished, for something always is going on in the way of improvement." And, in truth, new decorative features are constantly being added; new equipment is being procured; new lighting facilities are being installed; and there are many sections of wall space on which murals are some day to be painted. So, the present House of Sunshine remains as an unfinished, growing establishment. And certainly, as long as Henrichs holds to his dreams of a finer, statelier, more elegant House of Sunshine, there is rich opportunity ahead for growth and advancement.

Even when Henrichs must one day lay aside his dreams and leave them in others' hands, they will remain living, breathing entities; for he has long possessed the enviable ability to enlist his family and friends in the work of making

his dreams come true. As he told me: "If there has been any merit in what I have accomplished in life, the credit is due largely to my family and to others gathered around me who have helped. Without them, and without their whole-hearted co-operation, I could have done nothing." And they truly are all with him in their desire that his grandest dream of all shall come true.

"I have never had any interest in money for its own sake," Henrichs philosophized as we sauntered across the meadows of Sunshine Park. "Just enough for comfort is all that I have ever cared about. . . . All of my life, I have kept my nose to the grindstone; but it hasn't been a grindstone to me—it's been a work of joy. I have had a lot of fun in working hard, and people have been very responsive to what I have tried to do. . . . God has been very good to us, and we have enjoyed what the world is pleased to call success; but my real fun in life has come from a sense of achievement. . . . Long ago, I decided that you can get anything out of life that you want if you are willing to work for it! I have worked, yes, and many of my hopes and ambitions have come to pass" » »

Later he commented: "Now they say I have come near to the evening of my life. Well, if that be true, I am content. But I still have my work and my dreams. And the evening can be studded with many stars. When the shades are pulled, I believe I can say with George Stivers: 'I thatched my roof when the sun was shining, and now I am not afraid of the storm.' The good Lord has ordained that after the night comes the glory of the dawn. So, why need one falter?" » »

Unlike the work which most of us do in life, that of Henry F. Henrichs will live on as a lasting memorial to his creativity. *Sunshine Magazine* will continue to encircle the

earth, bearing its poignant messages of goodwill, of cheer, of faith in humanity and in God; The House of Sunshine stands today as the embodiment of the esthetic idealism which he long has cherished; and in time the new Sunshine Village will personify the crowning attainment of this man whose life has been filled with singular and unique achievements, all of which have been dedicated to the enhancement of human happiness. The building that he has done with his hands, with his mind, and with his soul has been made of eternal stuff.

This man's work is reminiscent of what John Ruskin wrote, as published on the front cover of *Sunshine* for October, 1934:

When we build, let us think that we are building forever.
Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone.
. . . Let it be such work as our descendants shall thank us for.
And let us think, as we lay stone upon stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, "See! This our Fathers did for us" » »

In this spirit Henry F. Henrichs has wrought his life purposes. His life has been filled with worthwhile accomplishments; and all of these he has abundantly shared with his fellow-men, to the end that human life might be richer and the world made more beautiful.

Now, in the evening of his life, he has a new vision, for he is concerned, in the main, with leaving for the enjoyment and edification of mankind an incomparable heritage of magnificence and beauty. Happy and thankful for a rich and full life, and still enjoying perfect health in his eighty-second year, he prays, above all else, that he may be permitted to see his most ambitious dreams take shape.

He has no worries, but is filled with hope; he has no complaints, but perceives the good in all men and in all things; he is a stranger to pessimism, for he knows that behind every cloud the sun persistently shines. He has devoted thirty-five years of his life to the joyous privilege of pushing the clouds aside to permit the glorious rays of the sun to flow outward across the world, and inward into despondent human hearts.

He perhaps has more unknown friends than any other man of his time. This is true because he speaks a universal language which makes life happier and the world better wherever its tones resound. Far and wide, around the world, the name of Henry F. Henrichs is known and loved—not because of some sensational accomplishment, but because he has gone quietly about the joyous business of spreading sunshine.

People everywhere yearn for light and love and cheer and hope; and all of these they find abundantly personified in the floodtide of publications which flows outward from the doors of the Henrichs enterprises to the ends of the earth. They discover therein the idealism to which they themselves cling; they find expressed therein the noble thoughts that they would like to voice, if they but possessed the eloquence; and they recognize, wherever they are, that their lives are richer and fuller because Henry F. Henrichs, a generation ago, submitted to an ideal and was irrevocably conquered by a dream » »

And to this day, his idealism has never faltered, nor have his dreams grown dim. As he strolls over the meadows in Sunshine Park and envisions there the inevitable growth of his dreams, he muses wistfully: "I feel, as they say, that the best is yet to come. It may not be in my time, but it will come to pass!"

Epilogue

THIS was not an easy book to write, for I needed the ability to paint pictures with words in order to convey to the reader a bit of the simple dignity and beauty of The House of Sunshine. One whose only medium of expression is the printed page runs into insuperable difficulties when he attempts to invade realms in which the esthetic holds sway.

One needs more than mere words—yea, even more than pictures—to tell of the grandeur, the simplicity, the elegance, the quaintness, and the over-all dignity of The House of Sunshine. Words become only inadequate tools, and even pictures can convey only fragmentary concepts. To be comprehended and truly appreciated, The House of Sunshine must be visited. And you are invited!

When we recall that *Sunshine Magazine*, Sunshine Publicity, the Sunshine Bookettes, and The House of Sunshine itself are all the creations of a man who has been described as having “the head of a businessman and the soul of a dreamer,” we stand in humility and amazement before this grand spectacle of what one individual, consumed by a dream, can accomplish. When we realize that the message of *Sunshine*, speeding around the earth, is constantly bringing cheer, hope, faith, and goodwill to countless thousands of persons everywhere, we know that the dreams of this man are bearing prolific fruit.

On the surface, the message appears to be so simple—even superficial, perhaps; but it ministers to the needs and serves to inspire the hearts of multitudes. Because of its emphasis upon wholesome living and upon human-interest approaches to life, it elevates and inspires. Because it radiates optimism and the joys of life, it is readily received by those whose spirits are low. Because it gives expression to the higher aspirations of human life, it speaks poignantly to all who cherish the noblest ideals. Because it emanates goodwill and is easy to read, it is welcomed throughout the world in palace and hovel, in city and country, in jungle and desert, in mountain fastness and verdant valley.

From everywhere come testimonials from persons who have just discovered *Sunshine Magazine*. "Where has *Sunshine* been all of my life?" they ask. Or, "I am so happy to learn that there is such a wonderful little magazine." Or, "*Sunshine* is just what I need to give me a lift." Or, "I wish I could introduce every person in the whole wide world to the joys of reading *Sunshine*." For many, an introduction to *Sunshine* represents a happy discovery. *Sunshine*, then, is the little magazine with a powerful message, a wholesome influence, and a loyal following of hundreds of thousands of avid readers.

When Henry F. Henrichs prepared the first issue of *The Tale End* in 1924, he had no way of knowing what the ultimate result would be. He could not foresee that *Sunshine Magazine* would become, in time, the world's outstanding non-religious, inspirational publication. Neither could he know at that time that the message of *Sunshine*, under other titles, would soon go out as goodwill advertising booklets to hundreds of thousands of persons to whom *Sunshine* itself was a stranger.

Henrichs took a fateful and prophetic step on the road

to success when he launched *Sunshine Magazine*. His idea was new, his approach was inspiring, and his philosophy was one which radiated goodwill toward all mankind. He was a pioneer who blazed a trail straight into the hearts of men, and who thereby came to enjoy not only financial success but personal happiness and individual fulfillment as well.

Perhaps an old Japanese proverb has been especially meaningful to Henrichs down through the years. Publishing it in *Sunshine* in September, 1925, he must have thought of it many times in the years since: "A road of a *thousand miles* begins with *one step*." He has progressed down the road for vast distances since he issued the first *Tale End*; and the project that had its origin in such an inauspicious manner has come to be one of the most outstanding and unique personal success stories of all time. He took one step forward, thirty-five years ago—and the road opened into vast, unclaimed territory in which success was waiting for the man with a new idea. What if he had never taken that first step?

And then, eventually, he took another; and The House of Sunshine came into being. His creation was a fitting home for *Sunshine Magazine*; and both the House and the Magazine have served to promote their founder's lifelong ambition—to make the world a more beautiful place, to bring happiness and goodwill into human hearts and lives. With one step—and a dream—he began; and with the help of "Percy Vere" he has continued, finding happiness and fulfillment in the joy of his work. And those about him—his family and his faithful employees—have strengthened him in his purposes and have made it possible for him to continue his unique service to mankind. "Without the help of my fellow workers," he insists, "I could not have done very much."

Today, in his eighty-second year, Henry F. Henrichs can look backward through the years and relive in memory the triumphs and the heartaches that have made up what has been, in the main, a happy and fruitful life. Although he and his beloved "Winnie" have been blessed with long years of happiness together, there have been times of sorrow and tragedy, as in any human life. Early years of struggle, the death of an infant daughter, hard work, and no money in the first days of *Sunshine Magazine*—these were times in the long ago when clouds gathered and storms broke, and the tempests of life lashed with fury upon the Henrichs household. But through it all streamed the sunshine of faith, of courage, and of hope, which ultimately drove away the shadows and released the dawn.

But Henrichs does not live in the past. The enticing vistas of the future beckon to him, and he walks forward confidently, happily, to meet them. Though an octogenarian, he remains youthful in spirit. His quiet, infectious laugh often is heard in the halls of The House of Sunshine; his ready smile and cheerful manner greet his co-workers daily; the sunshine in his soul cannot be contained therein, and it flows outward to touch and to uplift those who come in contact with him personally, and likewise those who read the many publications which bear his imprint. He is predominantly optimistic, and he eagerly shares his optimism with a world desperately in need of some magic potion to drive the clouds away and to bid the sunshine enter.

Although nationally famous and world-renowned, Henry F. Henrichs has remained at heart modest and humble. Throughout my ten-day visit to The House of Sunshine, he repeatedly reminded me, "I still don't think that I have much of a story to tell." Yet, one cannot be long in his presence without recognizing in him a man of unusual

strength of character, of singular abilities, of uncommon devotion to an ideal—all of which he zealously invests to promote goodwill and happiness among men. And he has gathered about him his family and his staff, all of whom are dedicated to the attainment of his purposes, which are theirs, also. He is incurably a dreamer whose dreams have, for the most part, come true—not as a result of luck, but through hard labor, through unremitting effort, through zealous perseverance. “God has been very good to us,” he says again and again, humbly, meaning that God has richly blessed his efforts, and permitted dreams to come to fruition.

Now, as Henry F. Henrichs strolls leisurely across the meadows in Sunshine Park, or stands in deep contemplation beneath the overhanging canopy of his beloved Sacred Elm, he has his visions of a symphony in stone—the new House of Sunshine and its affiliated buildings—the towers and turrets and colonnades—the lagoon, the fountains, the nature sanctuary. Stone upon stone, they rise, and yet they do not exist at all, except in the mind of this man who now envisions the grandest dream of his life. He already sees them here—splendid, classic, ornate structures dedicated to the promulgation of the message of *Sunshine*. In time, his determination, devotion, and dedication will build them.

For this dream, too, shall come to pass!

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ALTHOUGH the data appearing in this volume were assembled largely by means of personal interviews and by observation and research at The House of Sunshine, the author found the following sources to be rich mines of further information, serving primarily to substantiate his own findings. All of the sources listed were graciously made available to the author by The House of Sunshine.

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LEO BENNETT, author of *And It Came to Pass*, was born near Denton, Texas, November 6, 1914. Receiving his early education in the public schools of Denton, he graduated from high school with honors, receiving a scholarship to attend North Texas State College, from which he later graduated with bachelor's and master's degrees.

While in college, Bennett was a regular contributor to the quarterly literary magazine, *The Avesta*, and won several prizes for his essays and articles. He also was a staff member of the weekly campus newspaper. Before completing his college career he began working as a thesis typist and manuscript consultant for graduate students, an occupation which he followed for 23 years.

As a staff member of *The Denton Record-Chronicle*, a daily newspaper, Bennett began writing weekly inspirational features entitled "Windows Toward the Dawn," extracts from which have appeared in *Sunshine Magazine* since January, 1954. He is the author of a previously published book, *The Prophet of Love: An Appreciation of Jesus*. On October 1, 1958, he joined the staff of The House of Sunshine, Litchfield, Illinois, as an associate editor. However, *And It Came to Pass* was written during the winter of 1957-1958.

Long active in church work, Bennett is an ordained elder in the Presbyterian Church, and has been a teacher in the church school for twenty-five years.



Mythical Ganymede, the most beautiful of all mortals,
portrayed in Sunshine Park.



Fanciful scene with Ganymede, the Shepherd Boy,
in Sunshine Park.

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